

Boys' Life

MAY 1963

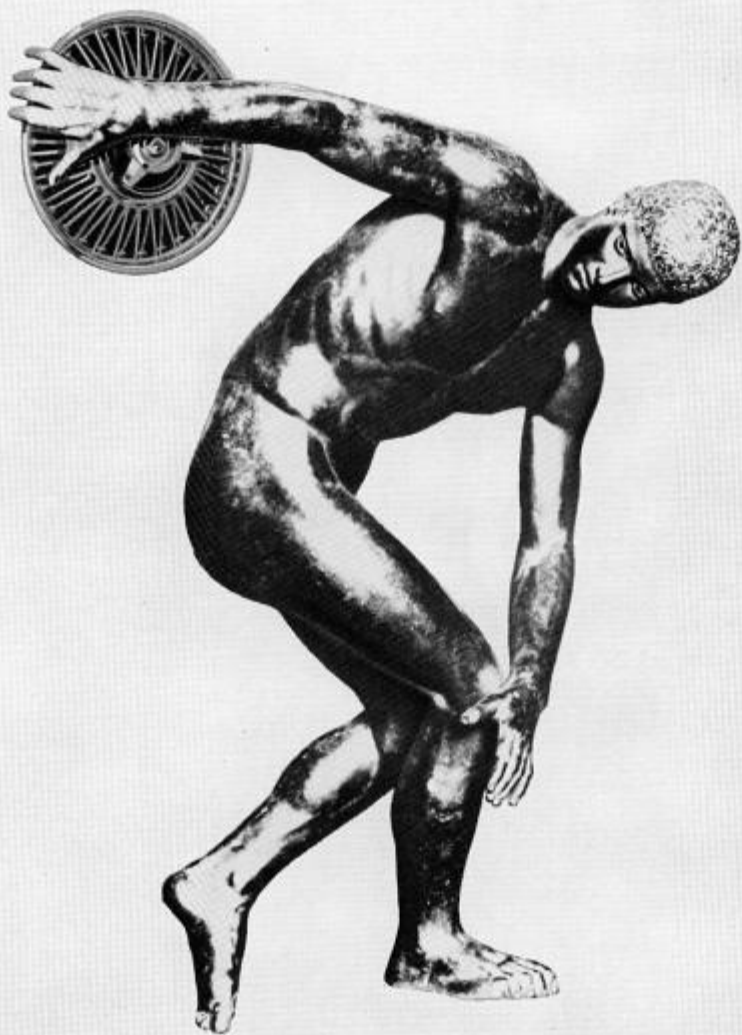
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THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS

Surrounded by string and kite flyers is Ernst Haas, a great color photographer of our time. (The cover and photos in *Fly A Kite* are his.) Haas, who has done work for the world's biggest magazines, recently exhibited his pictures at New York's Museum of Modern Art, and last year narrated a tv show about the art of seeing. Harvey Hook, assistant Scoutmaster of kite flying Troop 88 in Princeton, N.J., caught Haas in action . . . If someone asked you who invented the arc light before Edison and the radio before Marconi, could you name him? **The Man Who Invented Tomorrow**, by Lyman Nash, has the answer . . . New to BL is Wellesley Atkinson with a fiction piece, **The Wall and Mr. Pemberton**. What does author Atkinson think about Mr. Pemberton? "At first I thought he was a snobbish little so and so, but he grew on me." We're wondering how our readers will size up



National slalom team champions Dave Kurtz, Dave Guss and Tom Southworth (See page 12).



Photographer Ernst Haas

Mr. Pemberton . . . The way to get acquainted with hawks and owls is not through a rifle sight but with binoculars. Durward L. Allen tells you why in **Let's Protect Our Hawks and Owls** . . . A long time contributor to BL (He did the photo coverage of the '60 jamboree for us.) is Werner Wolff. His shots of State College, Pa.'s, Explorer-post-champion slalom canoeists are the work of a real pro. Look for yourself. The story: **White-Water Wizards** . . . Why not hop on for a bit of adventure as Part I of **Model-T Mountain** gets underway? You'll meet up with Sam and Windy, two good traveling partners . . . Can you name the seven wonders of the ancient world? (You're bright if you guess three.) Well, turn to page 72 for the answer . . . With camporee time coming around, Green Bar Bill has some hints to help your patrol make a good showing. **Let's Do It the Easy Way** is the title.

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The Hitchin' Rack



ALWAYS A BOY at heart, Pedro loved amusement parks. There he could show off, try a slow spin on a merry-go-round and wolf down hot dogs and soda pop. Fast rides he avoided.

On a recent visit to Coney Island some Scouts spotted the celebrated mule, who, by his own admission, was the bravest of his species.

"How about trying the roller coaster, Pedro?" they asked. Pinned down for an answer, the mule hedged. Noticing their wise grins, Hoofers' ego won a tussle with his fears.

After a whiz-bang ride on the roller coaster the mule's tongue dried out. His eyes glazed. His Scout friends, having a ball, led the dazed postman off to the Whip, the Parachute Jump, and the Cruncher—a machine that stood Hayburner on his head and sent an electric shock through his pudgy frame.

Shaking loose from his friends the mule staggered off for a fast drink of water to settle his stomach. Spotting what he thought was a fountain he bent over for a swig. Rifle bullets skinned his snout, kicking up water in the fountain. "Beat it, Gluefoot!" snorted some angry riflemen.

The flustered floppers, finding himself a target in a shooting gallery, hit the ground and wiggled off, leaving his scuff of shaky prints.—UU

Dear Don Juan Pedro de Philomonte etc., etc:

In the BOYS' LIFE color section under "Some Scouting Firsts" you said the First National Jamboree was in 1937. My brother's neckerchief says 1935. What gives? Eric Knight, Madisonville, Ky.

• The First National Jamboree was originally scheduled for 1935, but a polio epidemic made it necessary to cancel it at the last moment. Neckerchiefs were distributed before the jamboree and your brother evidently has one of them.

The jamboree was later held in 1937, as I correctly said.—UU

Dear UU:

What's wrong with the cover of March BOYS' LIFE? Each basketball team has only four players. Mike Spooner, Charlotte, Vi.

• They play for small schools.—UU

Dear Way-Out Burro:

Is there some place I can get a book of the Time Machine stories? If so, how much do they cost? They're great. Chief Wampum, Tulsa, Okla.

• We've had a pile of requests similar to yours, Wampum. My closest estimate is that by October there'll be a book of Time Machine stories for \$1.95 as part of the BL library. They will also be available at local book stores. To make sure no one misses out on the book, we'll make a special announcement with a more exact date later on.—UU

Dear Pedro:

At the end of the letters in the "Hitchin' Rack" you have written that unless you give your full name and address that your name will not be printed, but in the January issue a boy calls himself Boris Frankenstein. Is this his real name? Don Lave, Columbus, Ga.

• Look again. No, his name wasn't Frankenstein. One's enough.—UU

Dear Managing Editor:

In trick B of the "Cub Corner" in the March edition of BOYS' LIFE it stated that it was impossible to pick up a dollar at your feet when your back and heels are against a wall. I followed the instruction completely but my brother picked up the dollar on a bet, and I put my faith in your magazine and am out a dollar in doing so. Joe Hays, Forest Grove, Ore.

• Could be worse, Joe. At least it's still in the family.

Actually, unless he's made of rubber, it's downright impossible to do what your brother did without bending his knees or moving his feet.—UU

Dear Mulebrain:

In February BL you told Mitchell Marovitz that there are a few merit badges that a Second Class Scout can't get. I say you're wrong. A Second Class Scout can get any merit badge he wants. Look in the 1963 Boy Scout Requirements booklet and see: Truth Seeker, Miami Fla.

• Actually we're both right. What I meant, for instance, was that if you happen to be a Second Class Scout who hasn't passed his First Class Swimming requirement you can't get Swimming merit badge. See what I mean?—UU

Dear Pedro:

Scouting in the Mormon church celebrates its 50th anniversary on May 21, 1963. There are over 135,949 registered Cubs, Scouts and Explorers in 6,779 "Mormon" sponsored units; There are also many "Mormon" boys and leaders registered in Scout units not sponsored by the church. Don Walk, Salt Lake City, Utah.

• I'm sure that BOYS' LIFE readers throughout the world join with me in saying "Congratulations, and continued good Scouting."—UU

Letters for this column may be addressed to: Hitchin' Rack, BOYS' LIFE, New Brunswick, N.J. You may sign a fictitious name, but unless your true full name and address are included (not for publication) your letter will not be printed.

HOW DOES AERODYNAMICS KEEP YOUR WINDSHIELD CLEAR?

You're on a high-speed turnpike. It's pouring. The windshield wipers are working like mad. Yet they can't seem to keep the rain from messing up your visibility.

What's wrong? The strong rush of wind is lifting the wipers off the windshield. The wipers are "glasshopping" ... losing contact.

Chrysler Corporation engineers have done something about this problem. Studies in aerodynamics have helped

Chrysler engineers design windshield wipers with a special "airfoil" section that acts like an inverted airplane wing. The rush of air actually helps maintain the blade's pressure on the windshield and keep it in continuous working contact.

The new airfoil windshield wiper is important to driving safety. It's another engineering benefit from Chrysler Corporation and one which you should remember if you go looking at new 1963 cars with your family.

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Record important school events in pictures for your school paper, yearbook. Local newspapers might use your photos, too! Take pictures on field trips to the museum, aquarium or zoo.

Tomorrow photography can do so



Planning to be a military scientist? You'll use photography to seek out unfriendly forces, plan campaigns. Picture of Manhattan, taken at night, demonstrates value of infrared photography for reconnaissance.



Will you be an industrial scientist? Photography will be a basic tool. Here, a metallurgist using a hot stage microscope prepares to take photomicrographs showing recrystallization in metals.

Photography is the fun with a

with photography



Audiovisual aids help you learn quickly, easily. Here, slides show an entire class the step-by-step methods for operating a lathe, plus the many ways this machine can be used. In school or out, always keep your camera handy.

many things for you



Will you be in technical sales? Pictures will help you demonstrate intricate new products and manufacturing processes to customers, to your own salesmen. Whatever your career, photography will help you do a better job.

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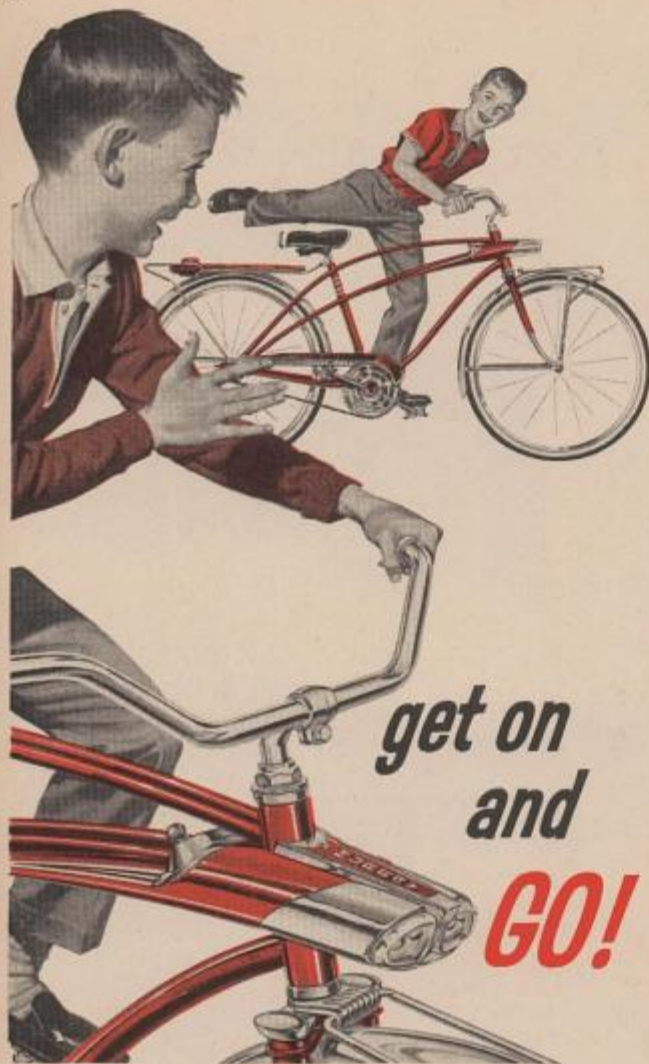
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HOBBY HOWS



Sports offer you a source of pleasant diversion—an opportunity to enjoy yourself with a pleasing activity. Whether you are an active participant or just enjoy watching, we try to give you information about it. Ask us on a postcard if you need help. If you have a hobby idea you want to share with others, send it to us. You'll get five dollars if we print your idea. Send postcard (be sure to include your full address) to Hobby Hows, Boys' LIFE, Boy Scouts of America, New Brunswick, N.J. Because of the volume, we cannot acknowledge suggestions not used.

SPORTS

... Where can I get some information and statistics about the Olympic games and events?—*Ray Aleksalza, Baltimore, Md.*

• At your local library look for: *Hammond's Book of Olympic Sports* (\$1; H. S. Hammond & Co., Maplewood, N.J.); *Highlights of the Olympics*, by Durant (\$3.95; Hastings House, 151 E. 50th St., New York 22, N.Y.); and *Olympics, 1960*, by Grombach (50¢; Ballantine Books, 101 5th Ave., New York 3, N.Y.).

... From my skin-diving experiences on the reefs of Ceylon, here are several tips for skin divers. Carry a good, strong stick, about 4½ feet long, to turn over things you see on the bottom and to brace yourself against the bottom, a rock, or hunk of coral when there's a strong current. Be sure your snorkel is the type with a valve on top, so that you won't get a mouthful of water when you go under. When you go below the surface, breathe out and hold your breath to lose the buoyancy of your lungs, since so much is added by the mask.—\$5 to *David Lazaroff, Colombo, Ceylon.*

... Where can I get tennis rules and some tips on playing tennis?—*Lyle Steffenson, Waukon, Iowa.*

• For tennis rules, send 25¢ to U.S. Lawn Tennis Assn., 120 Broadway, New York 5, N.Y. For tips, write for *How to Improve Your Tennis Game* to Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corp., 500 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. You might also get a copy of *How to Play Championship Tennis*, by Yerkon and Frayley (\$1.25; Hill & Wang, 141 5th Ave., New York 10, N.Y.).

... Where can I get some information on archery shooting and on making bows and arrows?—*Dan Grander, De Witt, Iowa.*

• Get a copy of the *Archery* merit badge pamphlet (35¢; at your local Scout dealer) and of *Archery Made Easy* (10¢; Ben Pearson, Inc., Pine Bluff, Ark.). You might also write for pamphlet No. L 115 on making bows and arrows to Popular Mechanics Press, 200 E. Ontario, Chicago 11, Ill. (25¢).

... For an inexpensive marker buoy for skin diving or swimming, get a small toy football, about 4 inches long. Make two holes in one end,

and insert fishing line through the two holes. Attach a weight to the other end of the fishing line, and seal the holes with rubber cement. The bright Gantron orange is highly visible on almost any day.—\$5 to *Bruce Taylor, Chapel Hill, N.C.*

... Where can I find out about surfing and get plans to construct a surfboard?—*Tony Koster, Norfolk, Va.*

• At your library, get *Surf-Riding*, by Patterson (\$3.95; Charles H. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt.).

COOKING

... Here's a quick-and-easy dressing for the roast chicken shown in the *Cooking Skills and Menus* reprint booklet. For a four-pound chicken, shred half of a day-old one-pound loaf of bread, mince half of a small onion, dice one large stick of celery, and drain a four-ounce can of mushrooms. Mix all together with two teaspoons of salt and one eighth of a teaspoon of pepper. Loosely pack half of the chicken with the thoroughly mixed dressing. Now melt one third of a cup of butter and pour half of the melted butter onto the dressing in the chicken. Fill the rest of the cavity with the dressing and pour the rest of the butter on it. Truss the opening and roast the chicken.—\$5 to *Mark Heumann, Houston Tex.*

... My post would like to buy dehydrated foods for hikes. Would you please list some companies from which we can buy them?—*Jim Juster, Clifton, N.J.*

• Here are just a few: "Kamp-Pack," Bernard Food Industries, 1208 E. Antonio St., San Jose 27, Calif.; "Trail Packets," Ad Seidel, 42 Lisperard St., New York 13, N.Y.; "Trip-Lites," S. Gumpert, 812 Jersey Ave., Jersey City 2, N.J.; "DriLite" DriLite Foods, 8716 Santa Fe, South Gate, Calif.

... To prevent food sticking and rust in your Dutch oven, pour two inches of cooking oil in the oven, and place the oven in a 450° home oven for two hours. Swab the oil over the insides occasionally. Then remove the Dutch oven, and let it cool slowly. Once cured this way, Dutch ovens are never washed but are just scraped out and wiped off.—\$5 to *Jim Haire Valentine, Nebr.*



THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR A SOAP BOX DERBY CHAMPION

(HERE'S HOPING IT'S YOU)

SOAP BOX DERBY TIME IS JUST ABOUT HERE. IT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WORKING AND WAITING FOR, AND WHAT A TIME YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE!

First you'll enter your car in your hometown Derby and have the thrill of hearing the crowds cheer as you zoom down the track. If you come in first—and we hope you do—you'll receive a \$500 U. S. Savings Bond, plus other awards.

But that's only the beginning: You'll be on your way to Akron, Ohio (all expenses paid), to race in the 1963 All-American Soap Box Derby. You'll be welcomed as a champion, meet famous TV and movie stars, and live the life of a celebrity at Camp Derby-



town. You'll make friends with other champions from all over the United States and overseas.

Come August 3, you'll take part in "the world's greatest amateur racing event" and have a chance to win a share of \$30,000 in college scholarships.

If it all sounds too good to be true, remember it can happen to you if you build the best racer going and have the skill to bring it in first over the finish line.

Give it everything you've got and, who knows, maybe you'll soon be pictured in the newspapers wearing the helmet of a Soap Box Derby champion! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

PART I OF THREE PARTS

T MODEL MOUNTAIN

WHEN SAM MISSED THE BUS, HE ALMOST MISSED A COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP. WHAT HE DIDN'T MISS WAS THE MYSTERY OF THE ANTIQUE CARS

By CORA CHENEY

"THERE HE IS," cried Pete. "It's old Mac, right by the Camp Tacamac truck. He sees me. He sees me."

"Summer down," said Sam, struggling with a suitcase and duffel bag. "Let the ladies get off first." He looked out the bus window at Johnson's Junction. Not much of a place. Just a store and a couple of houses and this filling station that doubled as a bus station. But here the eastbound and the southbound buses met in this pocket of Vermont.

Sam and Pete edged forward to the door. A car was waiting for the other passengers, and there was no sign of the other bus. Pete gave a whoop and dashed toward the man who stood by the camp truck.

"Is the southbound bus often late?" asked Sam, pausing by the driver.

"Southbound? Were you planning to catch it here tonight?" asked the driver, frowning.

"Yes," said Sam. "Anything wrong?"

"You, you—" shouted Windy, running in helpless anger after the fast departing truck.



"Wrong?" groaned the driver. "Didn't they tell you when you bought your ticket that they had changed the schedule? This bus doesn't connect with the southbound anymore. Only the morning bus does."

"Why, those—oh, gosh, how do I get out of this place?" Sam glanced about in anguish.

"Why did you come this way?" asked the driver. "You could have gone directly from New York State to Brattleboro."

"I know, but that kid's mother"—Sam pointed at Pete—"paid my way to bring him here to Johnson's Junction and turn him over to the camp counselor. But I have to get out of here tonight. Everything depends on it."

"Hey, Mr. Milikan, I've got a passenger who thought he could catch the southbound out of here tonight," called the driver to the station manager.

Mr. Milikan looked at Sam and spit tobacco juice on the ground. "That bus schedule

changed two days ago," he said reproachfully.

"Hi, Sam. Come on, Sam," cried Pete impatiently.

Sam walked over to where the little boy stood with the camp counselor. He must get the kid squared away first, he thought dizzily. Then he would work out something.

"Sam, this is Mac," Pete said. "He just about runs Camp Tacamac. . . . As I was telling you, Mac, I was lucky to get to come with Sam. Sam's from Texas, and he knows just about everything about old cars. We passed some on the way. It sure was lucky for me that Sam could bring me when my folks couldn't." Pete rattled on until Mac gave him the eye.

"How did a Texan get way up here?" Mac looked appraisingly at the tall, fair, young Westerner.

"I was visiting my aunt in New York State on my way to Vermont," said Sam. "She lives next door to Pete's folks."

"Sam's got a scholarship," interrupted Pete proudly. "He's going to Winthrop College. My mother said Sam's awful smart."

Sam felt his face flushing. He hated himself. Texans were supposed to be cool and boastful, not get hot when somebody looked kindly at them.

"I hope I've got a scholarship. I've got to get to Marble Hill tonight, and the bus schedule has changed."

"Marble Hill Inn? Did you get one of Ezra Plympton's famous scholarships to Winthrop?" asked Mac admiringly.

Sam nodded.

"Uh, uh, and missed your bus!" Mac whistled. "All I can say is, you'd better get there on time somehow. I wish I could help you, son, but I've got to get back to camp. It's a madhouse out there with most of the kids arriving tomorrow. . . . Hop in, Pete. . . . Good luck, Sam."

(To page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK PFAHL





Churning white water and tricky eddies are hazards that these canoeists must overcome.

Dave Kurtz tries an Eskimo roll to cool off.



PHOTOS BY WERNER WOLFF, BLACK STAR

Landlubbers might call them water bugs, but these Explorers are really

WHITE-WATER



By PHIL MORGAN

WIZARDS



Land lugging is often tougher than moving through the water. Canoes must be carried from finish line to starting point for later races.

Seventy-pound Hank Yeagley loads up with paddles and life jackets as Post 32 prepares to battle it out with the country's top canoeists.



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Skill, stamina and knowing the water's quirks are mighty important when you try to navigate a slalom course.

Travel rocky white-water streams and you'll end up with a patching job. Here the Explorers are repairing their home built 13-foot Yugoslavian-designed canoes.



WHITE-WATER WIZARDS

ADVISER DAVE KURTZ anxiously watched as the country's best white-water canoeists came hurtling down Delaware's Brandywine Creek.

Among those snaking through the slalom gates, were his Explorers from State College, Pa., fighting off rugged competitors in the 9th Annual Brandywine Canoe Slalom.

"Life jackets and numbers on," blared a loud-speaker. "Dave Guss—Post 32—up first." Tom Southworth, the best of the post's 30 Explorer canoeists, gave Dave a slap on the back. "Let's see you take it," he said.

With swift strokes Dave headed for gate one, skimmed through neatly, back paddled and pulled slickly to his right to make it through gate two. Rock hopping along the shore, his pals yelled advice. "Pull right. Watch number four pole! Easy. Easy does it!"

Finally Dave whipped through gate 14. Heading to shore he called out, "How many penalties did I get?"

Tom Southworth shouted back, "You hit two gates. Only lost 20 points. Ter-rif-ic!"

"Time—212 seconds," came a voice over the mike. Dave grinned. He had a chance.

Events went on all day: C-1, one man in a canoe; C-2, two men, three-canoe team races.

At day's end Post 32 had swamped all comers. Dave Guss, Tom Southworth and Dave Kurtz finished one, two, three in C-1 competition. The post nailed down second and third place in the C-2. Southworth, Guss and Kurtz won second place in the team.

Back home the Explorers kept in trim spe-lunking, skiing, climbing, patching canoes and plying the Youghiogheny, Loyalsock, Red Mo-shannon and Kishacoquillas rivers—as hard to pronounce as they were to navigate.

In the following months, conditioning and practice paid off. Post 32 took the nationals at West River in Jamaica, Vt., and later the Ontario Slalom Championships.

Talking about their success, Dave Kurtz stressed that skill came only from expert instruction and experience. "Try shortcuts—laugh off precautions—and you'll get badly hurt. Any fellows interested in running streams should get expert help and go on trips with recognized white-water boaters."

With major white-water competition ended for the year, the boys awaited the selection of an American team for the world championships. Would one of them make it?

February 1 word arrived. "We are pleased to inform you that Tom Southworth, Dave Guss, Dave Kurtz, Hank Yeagley and Les Bechdel have been selected as part of the team to represent the United States in the World Championships in Gratz, Austria, this summer."



COLOR PHOTOS BY ERNST HAAR

For soaring fun you need an open field, a stiff breeze and a strong pair of legs

By HUGH WILSON

FLY A KITE

Among the puzzling pictures chiseled in stone by ancient Egyptians are ones showing men who seem to be holding lines fastened to strange objects in the sky. Some men assumed that these lines were attached—at least symbolically—to the sun god Ra, from whom the pharaohs claimed descent. Others disagreed.

"The lines leading heavenward are not fastened to the sun god," declared the dissenters. "The lines are tied to kites. The Egyptians were the first kite fliers."

Boys' LIFE can't settle this argument. But to prove that kite flying is great fun, we filled a field near Princeton, N.J., with kites of various shapes and sizes and added some boys to get them airborne. The results of this happy combination of kids and kites—recorded by a

PLEASE TURN THE PAGE



great color photographer, Ernst Haas—are shown on these pages.

Kites are flown in nearly every country of the world today. However, no one knows for sure when, where or by whom this fascinating hobby was started. It is known that natives on the Malayan Peninsula tied strings made of vines to broad green leaves and let the wind soar them skyward. These leaf kites performed so mysteriously that the natives came to believe that the leaves were moved by gods.

The simplest kind of kite—the well-known flat type with the crossbow frame—has been flown in China for at least 2,000 years. The flat kite usually is diamond shaped and has a long streaming tail. The tail keeps the kite from taking a nose dive.

FLY A KITE

Left: In a field near Princeton, New Jersey, a young flier works at keeping his kite aloft.

Right: Away they go! Box kites, Malay kites, flat kites—they come in all shapes and colors.

Below: When kid sister gets into the act, you wind up with bits of sticks, paper and cloth.



Another basic kind is the box kite. It looks like two paper boxes, one above the other, with an open space in between. The paper covering is fastened around the four sticks so that they box in the sides. Variations are the fish- and dragon-shaped kites popular in the Far East. The box kites are flown so that the wind blows through from one end to the other—a form of jet propulsion.

A third type of kite was invented in the mid '50's by Dr. Francis H. Rogallo, chief of the wind-tunnel section for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Dr. Rogallo had been flying kites in NASA's gigantic wind tunnel for years, testing aerodynamics theories. Invariably the artificial winds smashed the kites against the metal sides of the tunnel.

To defeat this, Dr. Rogallo designed a non-rigid kite without sticks, lathes or bracing. It resembles the paper airplane you fold from a sheet of notebook paper and sail across the classroom. Dr. Rogallo's first nonrigid kite was made of a light, tough plastic. The nonrigid kite revolutionized kite flying and the kite-making industry, for it was the first really new design to come along in centuries.

Using a nonrigid kite, Will Yolen of New Rochelle, N. Y., a few years ago flew his 18-inch model up and out to a distance of more than 25,000 feet. It took Yolen more than an hour to pay out the line. For his exhibition in the Bahamas, he won the western hemisphere kite-flying title. Later he went to India where he won the world championship.

Yolen didn't achieve in India the height or distance that he did at Nassau. But the speed and deftness with which he made his launch and recovery and the variety of maneuvers he performed were superb. Yolen, a New York businessman, is a master tactician who invented the rod-and-reel method.

With the rod-and-reel technique the kite is "played" exactly as a fish is handled. To make a kite dive and loop, you give it plenty of slack so that it noses over. Then it's pulled back with sharp, hard tugs on the line.

Whatever method you use—rod-and-reel or old-fashioned running—kite flying is fun. On a windy day in a vacant field you can get just as close to the Egyptian's sun god as they ever did.

THE END



THE MAN WHO INVENTED TOMORROW

Nikola Tesla's genius gave us a world of power and light. • By LYMAN M. NASH

FOR MANY YEARS the old man was a familiar sight on the steps of the New York Public Library. Tall, gaunt, with silver hair and handsome, sharply angled features, he arrived each day at noon to feed the pigeons. He never spoke to anyone, and when his bag of birdseed was empty, he went on his way, to be swallowed up in the hustle and bustle of the city.

During his life he watched New York grow from a thriving seaport of little more than half a million to a vast, teeming metropolis. He saw cobblestone give way to paved avenues, electric trolleys replace plodding horse-drawn trams, saw buildings rise from four and five stories to sleek skyscrapers towering one above the other. As he looked on, the world rushed pell-mell from the age of gas lamps and sweatshops into the electronic age of radios, television and automation.

His name was Nikola Tesla, and more than anyone else he had made these changes possible. Back in 1882, when he was only 26, Tesla conceived the idea of a "rotating magnetic field" and developed the first practical alternating-current motor and generator. With that single invention he altered the face of the earth and improved the living conditions of millions upon millions of people.

Had he stopped there, he would still rank with the greatest scientific geniuses. But for Nikola Tesla there was no stopping ever. He went on to invent the arc light before Edison and the radio before Marconi. He talked about cosmic rays a generation before other scientists learned such rays existed.

In 1917 he discussed plans for detecting distant objects by means of shortwave impulses reflected off the objects and picked up on a fluorescent screen. That was considered pretty funny, like sending a rocket to the moon. A few years later he predicted, "Soon we shall be able to witness the inauguration of a President or the playing of a World Series baseball game in our homes, exactly as if we were there."

Today radar guides our ships and planes and guards our borders from attack, while television is a flourishing industry.

Tesla was offered a Nobel prize for physics and refused to accept it. But no less than four

other Nobel prizes were awarded for the development of ideas first mentioned by this slender dreamer who planned, pioneered and invented tomorrow.

The son of an education minister and an illiterate peasant, Nikola Tesla was born on the stroke of midnight on July 9, 1856, at Smiljan, a tiny Croatian village now part of Yugoslavia. As a child he roamed the hills, damming up streams and building tiny waterwheels. Fascinated by a picture of Niagara Falls, he showed it to his father, saying, "Someday I would like to harness that."

Frail, frequently ill, Nikola became a voracious reader, devouring every book he could lay his hands on. He didn't stop with science, but avidly read history, philosophy, literature. Fearing so much reading would ruin Nikola's eyes, his father hid all the candles. Nikola quickly fashioned a mold and made his own, secretly continuing his quest for knowledge. He learned Goethe's *Faust* by heart, and by the time he was graduated from high school, he was fluent in German, French and English.

AT THE REAL GYMNASIUM in Karlovac, he saw his first demonstration of electricity. Strangely stirred by this exciting new medium, he decided to study physics and spend his life exploring its mysteries.

From Karlovac, Tesla went to the Polytechnic School in Graz, Austria. And there, one rainswept autumn afternoon, he came face to face with a problem that was to torment him for six long years. A brand-new direct-current dynamo had just arrived in parish. Shiny black, it stood on the demonstration table in front of Professor Poeschl.

"As you can see," the professor was saying, "it is of the very latest design, capable of generating more current than any dynamo of similar size."

Professor Poeschl adjusted a lever. The dynamo shuddered into life and began to whine, sending out a shower of blue sparks. Above the machine's steady hum the sparks snapped and crackled.

Absorbed by what he considered the ultimate achievement in electrical progress, Professor Poeschl barely heard the question.

"Do not the sparks indicate a loss of energy?" asked Tesla.

"Yes, yes," the professor answered, "but that is to be expected. It cannot be otherwise."

"But could we not invent a better dynamo?" the voice suggested. "One without brushes and commutator. Then we would not lose all that energy."

The professor looked up. "Come forward," he said. "Let us see who dreams of doing the impossible."

Nikola Tesla separated himself from his classmates.

"Ah, it is you. I might have known. Always you think you can improve something. Tell us, please, how you would make a dynamo without such essential parts?"

"That I do not know," said Nikola. "I only feel it can be done." His blue eyes flashed. "Perhaps by using alternating current."

"Foolishness," snapped the professor. "Alternating current is useless, I tell you, useless. Why, you would do better trying to invent perpetual motion."

The class laughed at Tesla's wild idea. Alternating current, indeed. Everyone knew that direct current was the only way to put electricity to work. Alternating current was merely a curiosity, interesting in its way, but absolutely worthless as a source of power.

SITTING IN HIS ROOM that evening, the laughter and ridicule still ringing in his ears, Nikola Tesla started dreaming of doing the impossible, of finding a way to make alternating current run machines.

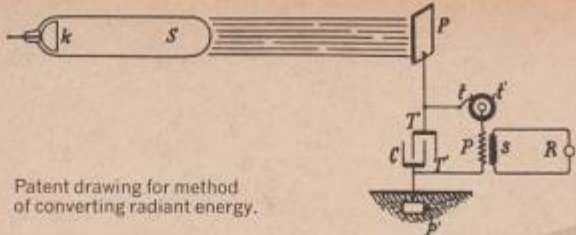
The idle notion became a challenge. The challenge grew to an obsession. He designed and redesigned motors in his head, and though each failed, he felt that slowly he was approaching a solution.

In 1880, still searching for the answer, Tesla left Graz for the University of Prague. The following year he took a job as an electrician with a new telephone company in Budapest, Hungary. Each night he returned to his

(Please turn the page)

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM LEWICKI

His failure to send electricity through the ground was spectacular.



Patent drawing for method of converting radiant energy.

His alternating current electromagnetic motor.



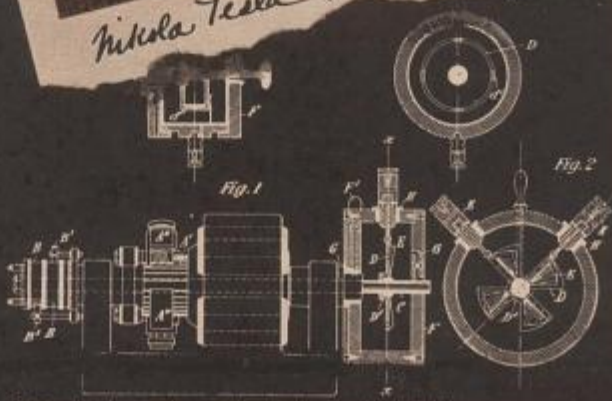
Nikola Tesla



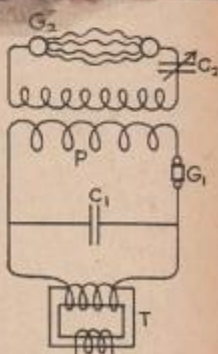
Mystifying crowds at Chicago's 1893 Columbian Exposition.



His childhood dream of harnessing Niagara Falls finally became a reality.



Apparatus for producing electrical currents of high frequency.



Tesla Coil bears inventor's name.

small room, bone tired but unable to sleep. Tossing and turning, he carried on experiments in his mind's eye, discarding one idea after another.

Tesla's mind was exceptional. He had only to think of an object and it seemed to appear before him. As a youngster this unique capacity made it difficult for him to tell the real from the imaginary. Now he was able to turn this handicap into an advantage.

While other men spent long hours working out ideas on a drawing board, Tesla merely envisioned a drawing board. On it he could design hour after hour, much faster than by using paper and pencil. These images he was able to file away in his brain, recalling them months or years later in exact detail.

Early in 1882 Tesla's torment increased. If he managed to fall asleep, he dreamed of his motor running without a flaw. When he awoke, the motor stopped, and he would spend the rest of the night trying to get it going again. At times he thought he was on the brink of insanity and tried to put alternating current out of his mind. Then he would remember Professor Poeschl's ridicule, the jeers accompanying it, and the burning obsession returned.

Walking through Budapest's city park at dusk one day late in February, Tesla was reciting his favorite verse from *Faust* to his friend, Szigety. Suddenly he stopped. Before him he could see an iron motor spinning in a magnetic whirlwind.

"That's it," he shouted. "A rotating magnetic field. See how it causes the armature to turn?"

Szigety squinted into the darkening sky, but could see nothing.

"Notice how smoothly it runs. No sparks. No sputtering. Now watch while I reverse it." Tesla reached out and flicked an imaginary switch. "See, it's a generator now. Yes—yes, it works perfectly."

Szigety saw only spidery branches silhouetted against cold, gray clouds. Tesla picked up a stick and quickly sketched the principles of his revolutionary idea in the sandy path. What he described was a machine that produced power when fed electricity, and produced electricity when powered mechanically or by steam.

Instead of one alternating current he would use three, each out of step with the other two. These currents, fed to windings around the stator, would create a constantly rotating magnetic field in which the rotor would spin, swiftly, silently.

"With this," said Tesla, jabbing at the drawing in the sand, "I will change the world."

Realizing the magnitude of his discovery, Nikola Tesla hastened to Paris to present his idea to the Continental Edison Company. But their business was supplying direct current. Alternating current did not interest them.

In the summer of 1883 Tesla built his first induction motor, and it ran exactly as he had seen it run in his imagination. Later he demonstrated the motor for a company official. The man was astounded.



A forgotten man in the electrical age that owed him everything, he lived in obscurity.

"Take this to America," he told Tesla. "They are more receptive to new ideas there. You might even interest Mr. Edison in your invention."

Nikola Tesla arrived in New York in June, 1884, with four cents in his pocket and a book of poetry. Everything else—motor, clothes, scientific texts, his life's savings—had vanished at the Paris railroad station.

A few hours after he landed, Tesla was standing in Edison's office, perspiring in dark wool suit and high celluloid collar. Eagerly he described his invention, the words tumbling forth, at times in French, German or Croatian. Then he waited breathlessly for Edison's reply.

Thomas Edison leaned back in his chair and steeped his fingers over his chest. For a long time he said nothing. Finally he shook his leonine head. "Interesting, but I'm afraid it's not feasible." He spoke with slow deliberation. "Direct current, that's what the people want. Forget alternating current. It's a waste of time."

Tesla thought otherwise. Direct current was expensive and impractical, but since it was the only electricity available, people had no choice.

Edison had opened his first generating plant in 1881, delivering a weak current to 59 subscribers brave enough to invest in the new-fangled incandescent light. Now, three years

later, there were several thousand private power stations operating across the country, providing some 20 different direct-current systems. Because direct current could not be stepped down, one plant supplied electricity for house lights, another for street lamps, still another for factories.

In New York alone, a generating plant was required to light every few square miles, pumping out current, bringing it back, giving it a boost in pressure and sending it out again. What is more, direct current "leaked" from wires. Close to a station, lights burned bright, but half a mile away they were dimmer. A mile out they gave hardly any light at all.

Tesla knew his alternating current was far superior. It could travel great distances before meeting enough resistance to weaken it appreciably. And it could be stepped down, so one generating plant could furnish electricity to light a single bulb and run huge factories.

Although Edison dismissed Tesla's invention, he did offer him a job. Tesla improved many of Edison's basic designs and developed a small dynamo suitable for ships. One day he went to Edison with plans for a short-core dynamo with double the efficiency of the best long-core dynamo.

"Perfect it," Edison said, "and there will be a bonus of \$50,000 for you."

For weeks Tesla worked every day from ten in the morning until five the next morn-

ing. At last, the task completed, he asked Edison for the promised bonus.

"My boy," Edison said, "I'm afraid you don't understand the American sense of humor."

Furious at being the butt of a joke, Tesla quit. A minor depression was on, and the only work he could find was digging ditches. He worked at this for a year, then invented a new system of arc lighting for a small company, receiving for his efforts a stock certificate barely worth the paper it was printed on.

Fortunately, in 1887, Tesla came into sufficient funds to rent a loft building on New York's Houston Street. There he pulled from the file of his brain his earlier visions and turned them into working machines of copper and iron. Soon he received his first historic patent and in 1888 was granted 13 more, for dynamos, motors, transformers, distributors, everything needed for an alternating-current system.

THAT SAME YEAR he was asked to give a lecture before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Standing tall and proud, he described his system in detail, hoping someone with wealth and vision would appear to make it a reality.

Tesla found that person in George Westinghouse, a 42-year-old inventor who had made a fortune developing an air brake for railroad trains. Westinghouse, just getting started in electricity, had so much faith in the possibilities of alternating current that he paid Tesla \$1,000,000 cash for the patent rights.

Edison immediately tried to get Congress to outlaw alternating current as dangerous and, when this failed, he instituted a campaign of propaganda against it. The war between AC and DC was a fiercely fought battle, raging up and down the United States. Tesla derived immense satisfaction from seeing his system gaining acceptance, but took little part in the conflict.

Once he completed an invention, he lost interest. To waste time putting it on a commercial basis, he considered standing still or, worse, going backward. As the two titans of electric power were locked in a life-and-death struggle, Tesla was racing on to new applications of electrical energy.

In 1893 Westinghouse underbid Edison for the privilege of lighting the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Using Tesla's system, he made it the electrical wonder of the world, the first world's fair in history illuminated by electricity. That about ended the AC-DC war, with Tesla's alternating current the clear-cut winner.

Perhaps to celebrate, Tesla took a stand at the exposition, demonstrating unique electrical gadgets and astounding spectators by passing hundred of thousands of volts through his body. Sparks danced from his fingertips, igniting wads of kerosene-soaked cotton. He lit bulbs between his teeth, and lamps in his bare hands glowed brightly.

Shortly afterward Tesla became interested in operating mechanical devices by electric

signals transmitted to them without wires. Four years before Marconi finished his first successful wireless set, Tesla was sending radio messages from his laboratory to a packet on the Hudson River, 25 miles to the north.

In 1897 he built and publicly displayed a true automation. It was a model boat which could be started, stopped, maneuvered, made to flash lights and fire small guns by means of radio signals. In Madison Square Garden he asked spectators to call out instructions which he broadcast to the boat by tapping a telegraph key.

At the century's turn, Nikola Tesla was at the height of his fame. His childhood dream of harnessing Niagara Falls was a reality, and his alternating current was going from there to Buffalo and far beyond. Direct current had never been able to travel much over a mile.

Tesla became an American citizen and was hailed as our greatest adopted son. Although he stuffed his designs, models and patents into battered cardboard boxes, he kept his citizenship papers locked in a vault. "They are the most important papers I possess," he once said. "They are my greatest gift."

He pioneered experiments that led to discovery of rays, designed guided weapons and continued inventing new dynamos, transformers, condensers, as well as airplanes, steam turbines, and speedometers.

Twenty years before scientists identified electrons, he perfected a fantastic carbon-button lamp. Actually a cyclotron in miniature, it produced dazzling light by the bombardment of a small button of carbon with electrons.

To further his experiments in high-frequency current, he invented the "Tesla coil." The only invention still bearing his name, it is the basis of every ignition and broadcasting system in use today.

NOT ALL TESLA'S inventions were successful, but when he failed, he failed magnificently. Believing that cheap electric power would put an end to poverty, he worked out a plan for doing away with the millions of poles and insulators and the thousands of miles of copper wire needed to carry it from place to place.

Tesla knew the earth is electrically charged. Why not, he reasoned, add to this charge so people everywhere need merely plug into the ground to receive electricity? In Colorado he built a laboratory with an 80-foot tower topped by a 200-foot mast on which perched a copper ball, three feet in diameter. Tesla's plan was to bombard the earth with millions of volts of electric energy, and the Colorado Springs Electric Company agreed to supply all the current he might need.

When the switch was thrown, sparks leaped from the copper ball, growing quickly into awesome lightning bolts that crashed to earth. Miles away 300 light bulbs connected to the ground began to glow. Then they went out, and so did the lightning flashes. His experiment had burned out the largest generator west of the Mississippi.

Returning to New York, Tesla immediately launched another venture for furnishing cheap electricity. He would broadcast it, along with entertaining programs. J. P. Morgan and several other prominent men put up \$300,000, and Tesla began construction of a vast "radio city" at Shoreham, Long Island.

After completing a tall tower capped by an enormous copper dome, he ran out of funds. Unable to locate any more backers, he abandoned the project. The tower was dismantled at the outset of World War I, being considered too conspicuous a landmark.

In 1912 the Nobel prize for physics was offered jointly to Nikola Tesla and Thomas Edison. Although his share would have meant \$20,000 and he was badly in need of cash, Tesla refused to accept. The memory of the unpaid \$50,000 bonus still rankled, and he considered the placing of Edison, "a mere inventor," on a par with Tesla, "a discoverer," an affront.

Rather than award the prize to Edison alone, the Nobel committee voted it to Gustaf Dalen, a Swedish scientist.

FIVE YEARS LATER, friends had to coax Tesla into accepting the Thomas Edison Medal, awarded annually by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. In a presentation speech, B. A. Behrend, a noted engineer, said:

"Were we to seize and eliminate from our industrial world the result of Mr. Tesla's work, the wheels of industry would cease to turn, our electric cars and trains would stop, our towns would be dark, our mills would be idle."

The words meant little to Tesla. Already he was dreaming of new worlds to conquer. He saw cosmic-power stations, robots doing all the heavy labor, airplanes held aloft by radio waves. He proposed running and synchronizing world clocks by radio, visualized the transmission of letters and newspapers by radio, dreamed of inaugurating a worldwide printing system.

As the years rolled onward, Nikola Tesla probed deeper and deeper into the future. What he saw, what wonderful things he invented we will never know, for he could no longer afford to build the models needed to patent them, and until they were patented, he refused to discuss them. So he became a forgotten man in the electrical age that owed him everything.

On the night of January 7, 1943, at the age of 86, Nikola Tesla passed from this world as quietly as he had entered it. A few hours after his body was discovered, the FBI carried off his papers for whatever secrets they might reveal.

Although he died virtually in oblivion, his monument is all around us: humming in dynamos, singing in high tension wires, gleam in every light bulb and neon sign in every country of the world. A hundred years from now scientists will still be exploring fields first mentioned by this lonely genius who in the 19th century invented the 20th century and then went on to invent the 21st. THE END



ON ONE SIDE WAS THE RIVER; ON THE OTHER AN UNSCALABLE CLIFF

THE WALL AND MR. PEMBERTON

MR. PEMBERTON shivered in the chill, spray-filled morning wind that funneled up the gorge. For the hundredth time he studied the smooth, granite wall that imprisoned them.

The wide shelf that stretched upward to freedom was so close, no more than 20 feet above the canyon floor. It was a miserable way for two men to die, with life just inches out of reach. All they had to do was to climb a 20-foot wall.

But a man can do just so much with the tools he has to work with. They were utterly trapped in the bottom of the gorge between the wall and the raging river.

With the tenacity of despair, Pemberton walked the 30-foot length of the gravel bar, searching the wall once more for some flaw, some minute crack or soft spot into which they could drive the blade of a hunting knife.

He knew it was a waste of time. Johnny Raincloud had checked every inch of that wall immediately. That was the way that the big Indian's mind worked. He did the right thing instantly, instinctively—no pain, no strain. Pemberton's slower city-bred brain didn't function that way. It wheezed and rattled and sometimes seemed to stop altogether, while he dug around in his mental tool kit to find the oilcan.

He finished his futile examination of the wall and sat down beside Raincloud on the mound of rocks that they had pried loose from the bar and stacked against the wall. It was three-feet high, almost enough. But it was not enough, and there were no more rocks.

Pemberton drew the collar of his wet leather jacket closer about his throat. The coat was brand-new and the best that money could buy. So had been the guns and fishing rods and tent and down-filled sleeping bags and all the rest of the equipment that now lay on the bottom of the river or was floating crazily downstream to pile up on some distant bar. Perhaps someone



He stood on the rocks and reached desperately upward.

By WELLESLEY ATKINSON

would find the canoe or one of the sleeping bags and start a search upstream. In this wilderness? It was a slim hope.

He remembered the way Johnny Raincloud had looked at the crisp new outfit and then at him and smiled and said nothing. Johnny, too, had been the best that money could buy, the best guide in Idaho, they had told Mr. Pemberton in the big outfitting store in Boise. "He's a full-blooded Indian, raised in the woods. He's the best there is, Mr. Pemberton. You can rely on him."

Pemberton had relied on him. It had worked out beautifully. Johnny led him to the game,

and Pemberton shot it. Johnny showed him where the fish were, and he caught them. Johnny set up the tent and did all the cooking and cut the wood and washed the dishes. Johnny managed the canoe from his position in the stern, and Mr. Pemberton sat up front and enjoyed the scenery, having been instructed to use his paddle only in quiet water.

It had been Pemberton's first real vacation in 20 years, and he had thoroughly enjoyed it. Now, after six weeks of roughing it, his eyes were clear, and he had a deep healthy tan. He

had hoped to lose 20 pounds. Instead he had gained, but it didn't matter. He felt fine.

But that was an hour ago. His chubby, 50-year-old body was still shaking from the beating it had taken when the canoe had twisted beneath them and hurled them into the green heart of the river.

Somehow he had fought his way to the surface and was revolving helplessly in an eddy when Johnny Raincloud got to him. His left shoulder and right armpit were still sore from the iron grip of that big left arm.

That Indian! The man should have said something. He should have shown a little human

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

THE WALL

resentment at the stupidity which had caused the disaster. But no! He had deposited Mr. Pemberton gently on the bar, looked at him, and, speaking slowly in his government-school English, asked how badly he was hurt.

It couldn't have been worse, Pemberton thought miserably. It isn't because he's a hired guide. Not at all. It's because a man like Raincloud doesn't permit himself to show anger when a horse or a dog or a child does a foolish thing.

Raincloud knocked out his pipe and replaced it carefully in the battered little watertight tin box he used for a tobacco pouch.

"Now I will push you up the wall one more time. This time I will throw you. If I don't catch you, maybe you will get hurt, and I am sorry."

Raincloud took his stand on top of the rock pile, his back against the wall. Pemberton took off his coat and climbed into position facing the wall, his feet resting snugly in Johnny's big brown hands. He tensed his body, gave the signal and, in spite of his taut leg muscles, felt his knees buckle as he was thrust upward.

He clawed frantically at the smooth, water-worn edge of the shelf, and for a moment he clung there. A stronger man could have made it. Pemberton writhed, strained and, as the strength oozed from his fingers, dropped.

Raincloud caught him, but lost his footing on the rock pile. As they went down, he held onto Pemberton, twisted in midair and took the impact on one shoulder. He grunted and got to his feet. "You all right, Mr. Pemberton?"

"Yes," Pemberton muttered. "I'm all right. Look Johnny—I tried. Do you understand that? I tried."

Raincloud looked at him without emotion. "Yes, Mr. Pemberton, you tried."

Raincloud took a dozen matches from his tobacco box. "Use them carefully," he said.

Pemberton took the matches with a question in his eyes. "I swim pretty good." Raincloud went on. "Once I swam half a mile through water like this. You get in the middle and float down like a log, feet first. Maybe around the next bend I find a place to climb out of the canyon and come back down the shelf and get you. If I don't make it, you have water. You can live a week, two weeks, even a month. Perhaps someone will come down the river. I'll leave you my coat."

Pemberton picked himself up from the granite floor of the bar. He limped to the edge of the river and looked at the thundering black gorge below. No man could swim through that water. Raincloud was lying, giving him a measure of hope where none existed, concluding his account with his client, *Mister Pemberton*, that weak, fat, blundering little man from the city; services rendered, the best that money could buy. Yours truly, Johnny Raincloud—29 years old, with a

small, brown, soft-eyed wife and two sturdy babies.

Pemberton walked back to the wall and looked up at the shelf again. He was cold and angry and sick at heart, but he was no longer afraid. He was back in his hardware store in St. Louis, with a problem to solve. Why couldn't they get up a 20-foot wall?

Raincloud was sitting with his back to the wall, his eyes on the rim of the gorge far above, now turning from brown to gold in the morning sun. Pemberton looked at him thoughtfully. If the man was so sure he could swim the river, why the delay? What was he waiting for? Pemberton sat down beside him.

"I've done a lot of bottom fishing, Johnny. Funny thing, no matter where you fish, sooner or later you snag your lines on something or other. We can't see what's up on that shelf. Maybe there's some brush or boulders or a crevice. We could make a rope out of my coat, tie a rock on it and heave it up there a few times. The rock might wedge in something."

Raincloud looked at him lazily. "Better keep your coat, Mr. Pemberton. You will need it. That shelf is below high-water line. It's swept clean—no brush, no rocks, no nothing."

"But it might have some cracks in it, Johnny. The coat is heavy horsehide. A strip two inches wide should support 200 pounds. Counting the sleeves, say we have at least eight square feet of leather, which is 48 lineal feet two inches wide. Even if we lose a third for knots, that's long enough."

Raincloud shook his head, smiling. "It's no good. Any crack in the shelf would show up in the wall down here. But if it will make you feel any better, we can try. There won't be any knots in the rope. We'll rip out the seams and cut around the edge of each piece of leather to make one strip of it. Then we'll slit the end of each strip and splice the ends together."

An expert with leather, Raincloud made a quick job of it. The rope, when completed, was neat and strong. But he was right about the shelf. For half an hour, all along the bar, they tossed the rock up on the shelf and pulled it back. If there was a crack up there, the rock was unable to find it.

"You satisfied, Mr. Pemberton? I want you to be satisfied."

Raincloud was smiling. His voice was gentle. There was no trace of fear or anger in his tranquil brown eyes.

Mr. Pemberton got the message. Raincloud was smiling because his mind was now at rest. He had made his peace with destiny. He knew there was no way out for either of them. He had accepted death.

Pemberton rolled the idea around in his mind. In a way, it was a kind of victory. Many a man facing death—soldier, scientist, adventurer—had found it a very useful philosophy. Once a man accepted death, he could stop worrying about his chances of survival, and devote himself to the problem of survival. In a tight spot a man's toughest adversary is always himself.

"OK, Johnny," he said. "I'm satisfied. Now tell me what to do next."

He saw a gleam of approval in the Indian's



Johnny was moving into the main current just as he said he would.

eyes. "You had your fly book in your pocket, Mr. Pemberton. Where is it?"

Pemberton found the book lying on the bar where they had cut up the coat. In the compartment in the back of the book Raincloud discovered a coil of 20-pound-test monofilament line and a couple of spinners. He grinned.

"You're lucky, Mr. Pemberton. Tie on a small rock three feet above the spinner. Work the eddy at the bottom of the bar. Play the spinner near the inside edge of the dead spot where the backwash kicks back in to the main-stream. Got it?"

"I used a throw line when I was a kid, Johnny. I can catch fish here. What do I do, eat 'em raw?"

"With no wood, you have a choice? The big thing is sleep. Walk all night and get your sleep in the daytime. Wrap that leather rope around you over your shirt. And I'll give you the tops from my boots. Spread them out and lace them together to make the front half of a vest. If you can keep warm, sleep and catch fish you can live on this bar for a month."

For the first time since the accident, Pemberton laughed. Emotionally he had struck bottom. In a perverse sort of way, it felt good. "And maybe someone will rescue me?"

"Why not? Parties come down this river every once in a while."

"Then why don't you stay here with me? You know what your chances are in that river."

"Yes, Mr. Pemberton. I know what my chances are in that river."

"And another thing, Johnny. Suppose it rains up there in the headwaters. How long would I last on this bar?"

Raincloud looked at him appraisingly, then smiled. "One good rain up there and you die."

"That's more like it," Pemberton said. "You can stop lying to me. It's ten to one we're going to die, both of us. And it's my fault. I talked you into taking this shortcut. I told you I could keep my head in fast water. But now I tell you I'm sorry. Do you understand that?"

Raincloud said nothing. He took off his boots, then cut off the tops just above the ankles. Carefully he slipped the cut-down boots back on his feet and tied them securely with extra wrappings of the long laces.

"There's a ranch 10 miles downstream on this side, Mr. Pemberton. If I don't come back, keep throwing the rock upon the shelf and keep fishing, but take it easy with those spinners. You have only two."

He took off his coat. "Did you ever hear of the Nez Percé tribe, Mr. Pemberton? My great grandfather was a Nez Percé."

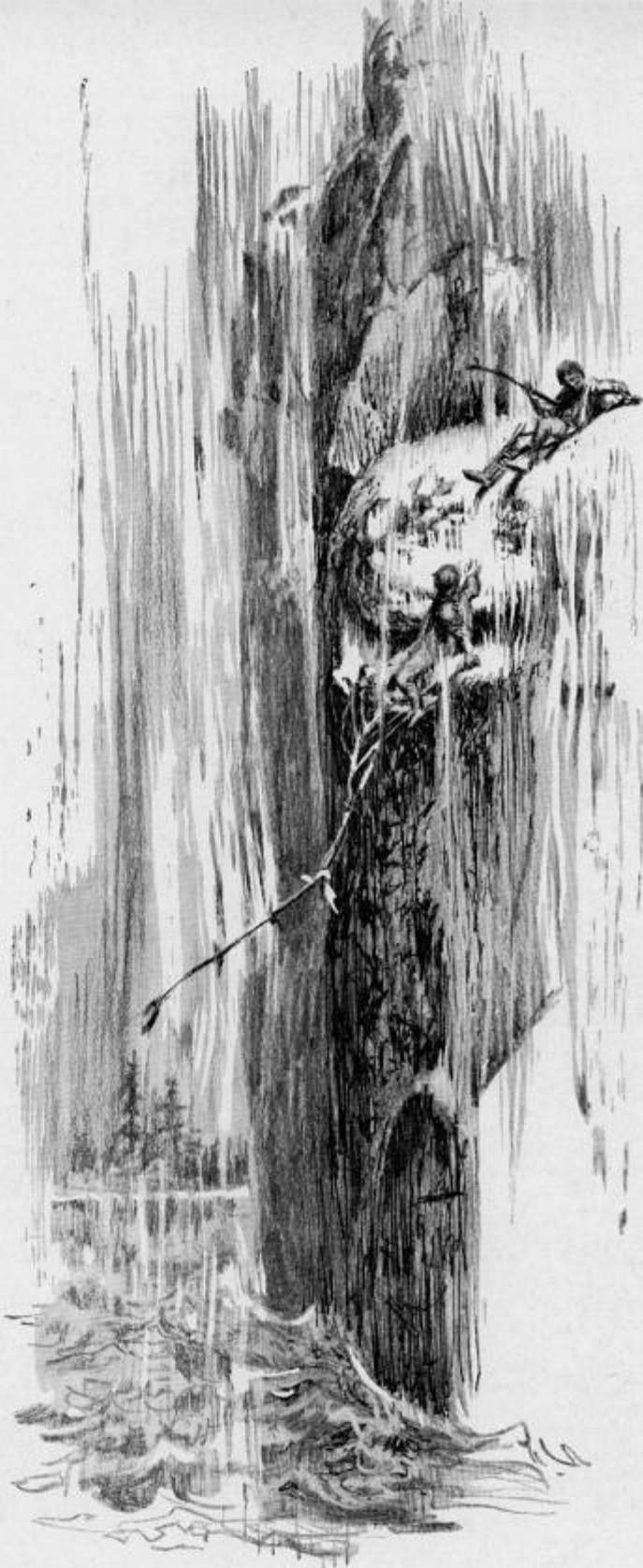
So here it comes, Mr. Pemberton thought. "Yes, I heard of them. You had a chief named Joseph. You beat us."

"Yes, Mr. Pemberton, we beat you. Not once, but many times. Man for man, we were better. Much better, Mr. Pemberton."

Johnny Raincloud moved his arm in a big circle, taking in the river and the gorge and the strip of blue sky far above.

"And now all this belongs to you, Mr. Pemberton. To people like you."

Mr. Pemberton turned away. He did not see



He sat there with his foot in a rude splint.

THE WALL

the guide enter the water. When Pemberton looked again Johnny was just entering the first riffle, on the crest, his back straight, feet held high and pointed downstream. He shot between two huge boulders and disappeared for a moment in a backwash. Then he broke water, arms churning against the suction, and he was in mid-stream again as he swept around the bend.

Pemberton walked back to the rock pile and sat down. It was almost noon. With amazing swiftness, the sunlight walked down the canyon wall, danced across the river and engulfed him. The heat soaked into his bones, and he felt better.

THINGS COULD BE A LOT worse. Raincloud had survived the first hundred yards. Certainly he had proved that he was a powerful swimmer and knew what he was doing.

Food was the next problem. Pemberton rigged the throw line and coiled it at the edge of the river above the big bend. You never forget what you learn as a boy. He whirled the weighted line around his head and sent it far out into the stream. When the rock and spinner reached the eddy, he worked the lure with a wrist-and-arm rotary motion.

He missed the first strike, timed the second more accurately and brought in his fish—a fat two-pound trout. He cleaned it carefully and for a moment studied the glistening, reddish-purple liver. He laid it aside and tried a piece of the white flesh. It was flat, almost tasteless. If well chewed and if you forced yourself to forget that it was raw, it went down easily.

Pemberton relaxed. He had it made. A man of reasonable courage and resourcefulness could live on this bar for weeks. In that time, someone surely would come along.

With new confidence he reached for the liver he had placed near the edge of the river after he had washed it. His eyes opened wide. For a moment he fought a losing battle against panic. The chunk of liver was half covered by water. The river was rising.

He picked up the fish and liver and hurried back to higher ground. There was only one way out for him now—straight up that wall.

He coiled the leather line once more and hurled the rock up on the shelf. He drew the line taut and pulled on it gently. At first it came easily, but as the rock neared the outer edge of the shelf, the pull increased. The rock was apparently sliding up a sharp incline. He allowed slack to come in the line; it went up a couple of feet as the rock slid back down the incline. There must be a niche of some kind up there, after all.

Again he tugged on the line. It was surprising how much resistance there was—due to the weight of the rock, the angle of incline up which it was sliding and the friction of the rope on the smooth edge of the shelf.

Weight. That was the answer.

If he could somehow get more weight on the upper end of the rope—he looked thought-

fully at the two-inch horsehide line. He could make more strands out of it, tie a rock on each, as heavy as he could toss up there, then pull the lines tight and twist them into a single rope. If he needed more lines, he had his belt, bootlaces, the tops of two pairs of boots and 50 yards of fishline.

He had the answer—maybe. It would be a race against time. He put a keen edge on his hunting knife with a sliver of rock, but discovered that cutting the leather into narrow widths was slow, anxious work. Every slip with the knife meant an extra knot and precious material wasted.

By nightfall he had 15 lines up—not enough. Raincloud had been right about the extra coat. Without it, he was forced to keep moving, pacing up and down the bar through the endless night.

It was almost noon, and the swirling water on the bar was ankle deep, when he added his last line to the rope. His leather was gone; only the soles and counters of his boots remained. He had saved Raincloud's coat until last, and now it, too, was in the rope.

He drew the last line taut, twisted it around the rope and put his weight on the massed lines. His feet swung clear. The rope was anchored with the rocks in the niche.

He tied the end to a small boulder to keep the all-important twist in it, slipped his soles in his pockets and went up the rope hand over hand—for a yard. Without footholds in the rope, he was too weak to climb it. And if he put his feet against the wall for a brace, that would be equivalent to adding to his weight and might well bring the whole works down on his head, rocks and all. To make matters worse, it began to rain.

Heedless of the rain and wind, he sat down on what remained of his rock pile, which he had moved to a new location under his rope to shorten his lines and give him some protection against the rising water, and considered the problem of holds on the rope.

Pemberton seized the rope and pulled himself to his feet, swaying under the impact of the wind and the hard-driving rain. Shivering, he took off his shirt and cut it into strips two-feet long. He tied one shoe sole on the rope as high as he could reach and the other halfway between it and the rock pile. His pocketknife would serve as one foothold and his sheath knife another.

He looked down at the river, now halfway up the rock pile. There was not much time.

He selected a six-inch rock from the pile, placed it on a smooth boulder and shattered it with the largest rock available. From the fragments he picked up half a dozen three or four-inches long and put them in his pockets, together with the strips of cloth from his shirt.

Slowly and cautiously he worked his way up the rope, tying on his footholds ahead of him as he went, using his teeth and one hand.

When at last he pulled himself over the edge of the shelf, he was too cold and weak to feel any elation. He had conquered the river, but unless he found shelter and built a fire soon, the cold would get him.

In his struggle with the rope he had forgotten about his matches. In sudden panic he searched his pockets. He found a crumbled, half-filled pack of cigarettes, but no matches. Then he remembered that he had put his half-dozen remaining matches inside the pack. Perhaps the foil had kept them dry. He wrapped his handkerchief around the pack and put it back in his pocket.

Above the roar of the storm he heard the scrape of hobnails on the shelf above him. He got to his feet and squinted into the driving rain. Johnny Raincloud was coming down the shelf, lying on his back, pushing ahead of him his right leg, held rigid in splints and bandages. In his right hand he held a crutch made from a two-inch sapling, which he used to break his descent down the slippery shelf.

Pemberton scrambled across the shelf to help him. "Johnny!" he shouted, "you made it! You got here in time. You could have pulled me out. How bad is your leg?"

"It's only a twisted knee," Raincloud said, "Never mind me. How did you get up here?"

"I made a rope and climbed up it."

Disdaining help, Johnny Raincloud placed his left foot over his right knee, rolled to his right, and pulled himself upright. With Pemberton following him wordlessly, he hobbled up the incline edge of the shelf and looked down at the rope and the boiling river below.

"Pemberton," he said, "I told you three times, let me handle the canoe in fast water. And what did you do? The first big rock that jumps at us, you get scared and stick out your paddle and we go boom. I should have let you drown."

"We'd better pull up the rope," Pemberton said. "I've got my shoe soles tied on it and a couple of knives. Oh, yes, and a fish, too."

TOGETHER THEY pulled up the rope. On the bottom of it, fastened to the boulder, was the half-eaten trout. Raincloud cut it loose with his belt knife and examined it with elaborate interest.

"Best fish you could catch, Pemberton?"

"Well—yeah. I think I hooked a bigger one, but I missed him."

"There's a cave up above," Raincloud said. "I spotted it when I was coming down the shelf. We can hole up there till the storm blows over and cook your fish. It's a very poor fish, but maybe next year we can do better."

"Next year?"

"Sure—you and me—OK?"

Mr. Pemberton grinned. "OK. This rope—I can dry it out and wrap it around me for a coat."

Raincloud nodded his head solemnly. "Good idea. But don't cut it up. I'm going to take that rope home with me. I want to show it to my grandfather."

"Your grandfather? What's he got to do with it?"

Johnny Raincloud scowled at him. "He was the one who told me about my great grandfather, the man who was with Chief Joseph when he whipped the U.S. Army." THE END



A Few Words From the Chief

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE

A SHORT WHILE AGO, when I was on a plane on my way to the West Coast, my fellow passenger seated next to me turned and said: "I notice that you have a Scout pin on your lapel. You're connected with Scouting I take it?"

I admitted I was.

"I was a Boy Scout myself once," the man said, "and I am still in Scouting. I am a member of our local council committee, and I wouldn't give it up for anything."

And then, as so often happens, my fellow passenger told me about his experiences.

"I wasn't much of an outdoorsman when I was a kid," he told me. "We lived in a small town where there wasn't much to do except the usual playing around with a baseball in the spring and a football in the fall. I wasn't much of a joiner, either, so it didn't come naturally to me to get in with a gang; I just hung around with a few other fellows. I knew that some of my classmates were getting to be Scouts. But they seemed rather secretive about it, so I didn't bother to find out."

"Then one day, as I was walking home from school with one of them, he suddenly asked me: 'Why aren't you a Scout?' I stammered something about not having time, about not being invited. 'Well, I'm inviting you,' he said. 'I'll pick you up tonight and take you along to our meeting.' He did—I went—and I was caught."

"My days in that patrol and that troop opened a new kind of life to me. I got to love the outdoors—hiking with a gang of friends my own age, camping with them on some exciting campsite, sharing with them in the fellowship around a campfire. But there were other things besides the outdoors that appealed to me in Scouting. I had had a couple of interests of my own before I joined. In Scouting I picked up many more as I got going on earning merit badges. I must have had a bit of dormant leadership ability in me—Scouting helped bring it out. And the Scout Law that I promised to keep became an important influence in my life."

He stopped for a moment as if he wanted to choose his words carefully about some important point in his story. Then he continued:

"You know," he said, "I suppose that, to the

boy who invited me to join, what he did was the most natural thing in the world. But to me, as I look back, his act of inviting me became one of the finest Good Turns that was ever done to me: it enriched my life and gave it added purpose."

You are a member of the Boy Scouts of America yourself—a Boy Scout, a Cub Scout or perhaps an Explorer. Somewhere along the line, through someone's influence, you joined Scouting and came to share the joy and comradeship and challenge of our movement. Have you done a Good Turn to some other boy by urging him and helping him become a member?

This is the finest time of the year for a boy to join. He will join us for adventure. There's adventure ahead right now in each branch of our movement. In Boy Scouting there's excitement awaiting a new boy in hundreds of camps all over the country. In Cub Scouting every pack is preparing a rich outdoor program. In Exploring thousands of posts are planning high-adventure trips into our wilderness areas.

YOU CERTAINLY KNOW at least one boy who is old enough to join our movement, but who has not yet done so. Invite him to come along with you to the next meeting of your patrol or your den or post. Make him realize what good times will be ahead for him when he joins. Give him a taste of some of the other activities our program has to offer. Make him feel welcome and at home in your gang.

Encourage him to become a full-fledged member of the Boy Scouts of America.

It may prove one of the finest Good Turns you will ever do in your whole life.

Joseph A. Brunton, Jr.

JOSEPH A. BRUNTON, JR.
CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE





BY... Johnson REELS



How to take the Northern Pike

Ever cast a spoon or plug to the edge of a quiet weed bed and have the water fairly explode with wild-eyed power? Ever see a chain-sided cannibal jump out of the water and rattle your lure like a Spanish dancer?

If you have, you've fished the mighty Northern Pike. If you haven't, these tackle tips might help the next time you're in "Northern" waters.

First off, this guy has teeth . . . long, sharp teeth, and he uses them. Handle the Northern Pike across the back, behind the head. Guides grab the big ones right in the eyes, and the monster seems to freeze into a little lamb.

Cast spoons, spinners, minnow-type plugs along the edge of weed beds, over sunken trees and rocks, at the mouth of rivers or creeks. Troll deeper waters or let your cast sink and retrieve with medium to fast action.

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Model T Mountain

(Continued from page 11)

Sam watched the camp truck pull out onto the dirt road. Boondocks, he thought dazedly. He patted the wallet in his shirt pocket for assurance. He had made a little money by taking this backwoods route to Marble Hill, but it was nothing to what he stood to lose if he were late arriving tonight.

"Guess you're in a fix," said Mr. Milikan, shifting his tobacco quid. "Why don't you go over yonder across the road to the store and find that other young fellow?"

"What other young fellow?" asked Sam.

"The other young fellow counting on the bus to Marble Hill. Claims he's got some important job at the summer hotel there. He seemed kind of mad about the bus."

"Mad? Marble Hill?" cried Sam. "That's where I'm going. Where is he? How's he going to get there?" Sam shot out the questions incoherently, angrily.

"Likely you won't get there tonight," said Mr. Milikan with exasperating calm. "But I'll hold your suitcase for you. Too bad, too bad. It always happens when they change the schedules."

Sam turned away in disbelief. It was incredible that another scholarship boy was stuck here too. He strode across the road to the store. There was a boy there, small, dark and merry eyed, leaning on the counter, hunched over a bottle of soda and a box of crackers. He grinned at Sam and held out his hand.

"Dr. Livingston, I presume?" murmured the boy, drawing his chin down and stroking an imaginary beard.

Sam lost his rage for a moment and laughed. "No. Sam Houston Jones, from Amarillo, Texas."

"John Wellington Dubois, Presque Isle, Maine," said the boy, letting just a trace of French accent slip in. "But don't tell anyone. Just call me Windy. Here's your soda. I was expecting you."

"Expecting me? What do you mean?"

"Oh, news travels fast in these remote areas." Windy made a monacle around his right eye with his thumb and forefinger and peered at Sam.

Suddenly he slapped his hand on the counter and looked down in despair. "The owner of this store reported all about you within two minutes of the time you got off that bus. He was over there when the bus came in. What are we going to do? I've already asked this man for help, but he says no dice. He's back there now digging in his garden."

"How did you get here?" asked Sam.

"I got a ride this far with a friend of my father. Drug-salesman type. He turned off here before I found out the bus wasn't going to run tonight. My father has a drug store," he added.

"My father's dead," said Sam. "I just have a mother and a kid sister. My grandfather taught at Winthrop College years ago. The college put me in touch with Mr. Plympton. What about you?"

"My high-school French teacher helped me get the place. Sam, I'm scared. I've got to make good. I've got five little brothers, and my father can't spare me a dime for college. This is my one chance."



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"Mine too," said Sam, pulling a letter from his pocket. "Did you get one of these?"

"Oh, a letter from Mr. Plympton? I guess mine said about the same thing. What do you know about him? All I know is he sounds good but unbending."

"He's famous for it. Although he's not terribly rich, he owns Marble Hill Inn, and he doesn't have any family. So he saves his money and gives scholarships every year to boys if they pass his summer-training test. He didn't get to go to college himself. But I guess you know all this."

Together the boys bent over the letter on the counter.

Dear Sam:

After much deliberation and checking of your references, both as to need and character, I am happy to tell you that you have been chosen as one of the two winners of the Plympton Freshman Scholarship to Winthrop College. This means that I will pay your tuition and expenses during your freshman year if you prove worthy.

This award does not mean that you have received a present. It means that you are to work for me during the summer months without pay in return for which I will pay your college expenses. This summer-training period is also a character-building period for you. You are at all times to exhibit qualities of resourcefulness, intelligence, honesty, respect for law and order, good manners and close attention to your assigned work.

I am glad to note that you achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. I always prefer young men with a strong Scouting record.

Your work will include waiting on tables, cleaning rooms, carrying baggage, driving the hotel truck, yard work and any other duties which the hotel might require. You will have free hours for relaxation as the occasion permits.

You will be responsible for getting yourself to Marble Hill before June 10. I would like to mention now that I do not approve of hitchhiking. Your conduct while at Marble Hill must at all times be above reproach. If you should prove lacking in the qualities which I believe you possess, then the termination of our agreement will be at my discretion.

Sincerely yours,
Ezra Plympton

Sam folded the letter and rubbed his forehead.

"I do not see any buses running down the highway," said Windy, squinting through the bottom of his bottle. "Our new boss, he does not approve of ze hitchhiking."

"That's the way I interpret it too," said Sam. "Broadly speaking, that is. Any way you slice it."

"And there is no airport handy. Nor ships on the horizon, mate," said Windy, snatching up Sam's bottle and holding them both to his eyes like binoculars.

"Let's get moving, somehow, somewhere," said Sam, standing up decisively. "Let's go ask Mr. Milikan if he knows anyone going that way who would let us go along, for pay."

"I asked," said Windy, "but we can ask again."

Mr. Milikan silently pulled his ear, adjusted his false teeth and shut one eye. The boys stared at him hopefully. Sam swallowed an impulse to laugh, waiting for a pronouncement. Finally Mr. Milikan spoke.

"Nope," he said, "I still can't think



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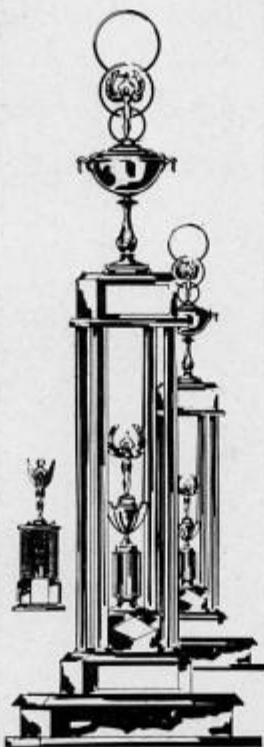
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of any way besides hitching a ride."

"Seems to me we would be better off hitchhiking than a day late," said Windy.

"No, Mr. Plympton was emphatic about that. We must think of something else. . . . Don't you know anyone who could help us, Mr. Milikan?" asked Sam.

"Nobody to hire, I don't," said Mr. Milikan. "Usually my nephew Walt is here, but he went to Rutland today. Walt might have taken you in his car, but I don't know anybody else that's not working in the fields today."

"If somebody stops for gas, could we ask them for a ride? That's not thumbing, is it?" asked Windy hopefully, catching his thumb in his fist and pretending to toss it away.

Sam laughed. "Maybe Mr. Milikan would ask for us. That would be technically better. And we can pay as much as a ticket is worth."

"I might," said Mr. Milikan. "Put your suitcases there by the door and help me pump the gas in case anybody should come. Which isn't likely," he added mournfully.

Sam stared down the road. Nothing in sight, and it was getting late now. Nearly six o'clock, and they were 70 miles from Marble Hill.

"Here comes something," said Windy. "I can hear it."

"It's another old one," said Sam, listening intently. "It's probably going to the old-car rally at Brattleboro."

"They've been going by all day, those old-timers headed for the rally," said Mr. Milikan.

"Golly, I wish we could ride in one of them," said Sam. "Anything going to Brattleboro from here will pass Marble Hill."

He and Windy stood close by the road's edge. "Look, a Model T Coupelet. Boy, that's a rare one! Wave, Windy," cried Sam.

But the driver and his companion did not even look at them. Dressed in enveloping dusters and old-fashioned goggles, they looked straight ahead and never slowed their steady speed.

"What about that?" cried Windy. "Costumes and all that and not even a nod."

"Usually those fellows wearing costumes want to stop and talk your arm off," said Mr. Milikan, shaking his head. "If they won't stop, nobody will," he added gloomily.

The next car did stop and buy gas, but the driver was going only two miles farther. While they were talking another old car went by, a Model T touring car. Sam looked up in time to wave, but the man didn't see him.

"Your telephone is ringing," said Windy. "Should I answer it?"

"Yep, if it's two long rings. But we can't furnish road service today," said Mr. Milikan.

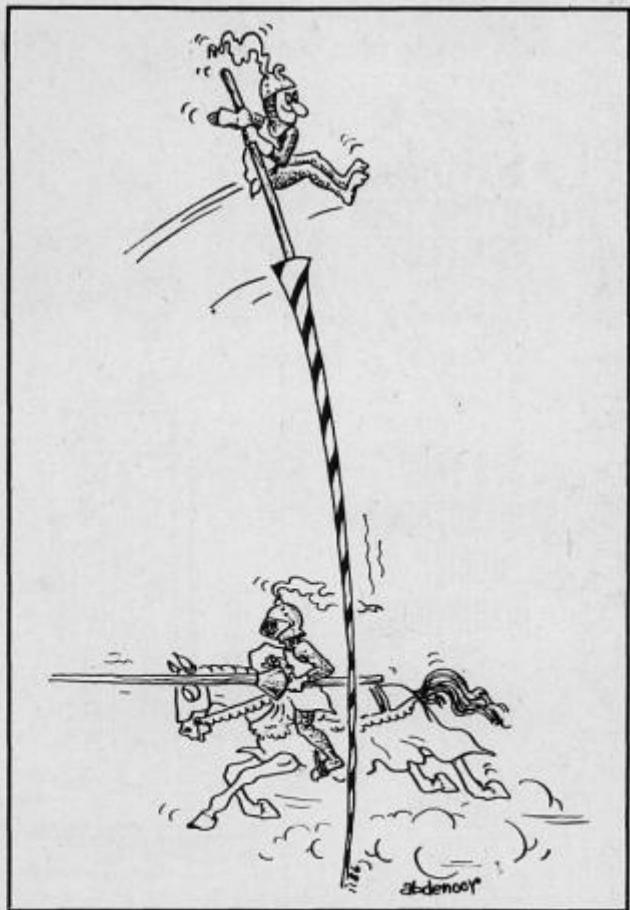
"I can fix cars," said Sam confidently.

"The truck went off with Walt," reminded Mr. Milikan.

"Good news, good news," shouted Windy. "We've got a road call."

"I told you—" began Mr. Milikan crossly.

"It's all right," cried Windy excit-



edly. "It's only about a mile from here. A man's out of gas. Sam and I can walk and take a gallon to him, and then he can give us a ride. He's going to Brattleboro."

"Did he say he would take us?" asked Sam. "Where's the gas can?"

"He didn't exactly say he'd take us," said Windy. "but he'll have to. We'll make him. It wasn't the man himself on the telephone. Someone called for him."

"Like as not from Holby's farm," said Mr. Milikan. "It's the only phone up that way."

"That's the place," said Windy.

Mr. Milikan clucked sadly. "Better than a mile from here. Best not carry more than a gallon. That'll get the man back here. I don't have any sympathy for idiot folks that get out of gas."

Sam pumped gas into the can, and Mr. Milikan gloomily watched the boys depart.

The graded dirt road curved and wound around the hills. Not a car passed them. They saw a woodchuck in a field, and once a crash in the woods beside them told them a deer had jumped. Finally, below them at the foot of a hill, they saw a truck by the side of the road not far from a farmhouse.

"That'll be it," puffed Windy. "Thank goodness, the rest of the way is downhill."

"I'll take the can the rest of the way," said Sam. "I bet he'll be glad to see us."

But the man had little more than a curt thank you for them. The rusty truck, carrying a load of scrap metal under a heavy tarpaulin, was a rickety specimen at best.

Sam opened the gas tank and poured in the gas. The man slid under the wheel and tried to start the car.

"She won't start," said the man.

Sam had reserved a small amount of the gas in the can. Opening the hood, he dripped a little bit into the carburetor.

"Now, let me try," said Sam, reaching for the wheel.

Sam pumped the accelerator and adjusted the choke. In a moment the motor turned over with a resounding clank.

"Here we go," cried Sam, moving over and relinquishing the wheel.

"You aiming to ride back with me?" asked the man.

"Of course," said Windy, who had climbed in the other side. "Did you think we were going to walk back? Where would you be without us?"

"Somebody else would have come along," said the man unpleasantly.

"The only reason we walked out here is that we need a ride to a place called Marble Hill, this side of Brattleboro. The least you can do for this service is take us with you that far," said Sam shortly.

"What makes you think I want to take you?" asked the man as they bounced along the road. "I don't like hitchhikers."

"We'll pay you," said Windy angrily. "We aren't hitchhikers. We're stranded here because the bus didn't run."

"I'll take you as far as the gas station. But you can't go any farther with me."

Sam bit his teeth together and clinched his fists into hard knots. Nothing would be gained by arguing with this hateful man. He felt tired and desperate. Maybe they had better get out on the road and start thumbing for a ride. And deceive his bene-

factor? No, Sam decided, better not.

The truck drew up to the gas pump.

"Got your ride all fixed up?" asked Mr. Milikan.

"No," said Windy bitterly. "This guy says he doesn't take riders, although he's going our way. I guess we needn't expect any help from anybody in Vermont."

Mr. Milikan stopped the gas hose in midair.

"You owe for a road call," he said to the truck driver. "Let's see the color of your money before I put any gas in your tank."

"How much?" growled the man.

"Five dollars," said Mr. Milikan.

"Five United States dollars for people who run out of gas."

"Five dollars! I'll give it to you when you put some gas in my tank."

"Seeing's believing for me," said Mr. Milikan stubbornly. "Give me the money."

The man threw Mr. Milikan a surly look. Then he reached his hand in his pocket and reluctantly drew out an old-fashioned snap-top purse and handed Mr. Milikan a five-dollar bill.

"Here," said Mr. Milikan handing

the money to Sam and Windy. "You earned it. It's yours."

"Why, uh, thanks, Mr. Milikan," said Sam, surprised. "We didn't expect—"

"Life is full of surprises, isn't it?" said Mr. Milikan, beginning to pump gas into the tank. "Now, why don't you just give that five dollars right back to this man. For five dollars he might consider taking you as far as Marble Hill."

The man looked down at the steering wheel and didn't reply. Mr. Milikan stopped the pump. "We don't have

Ken Boyer is a member of Rawlings Advisory Staff



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Most gloves flex only at one corner of the heel. The new Flex-O-Matic palm on Ken Boyer's glove will flex the full width of the heel. When Boyer goes for the high one, wherever the ball hits, Rawlings Flex-O-Matic palm helps hold it securely.

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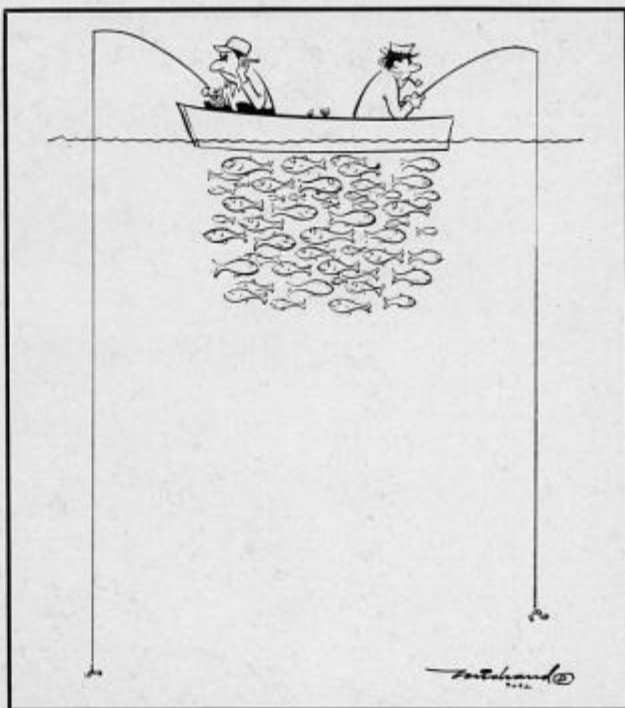
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Look at the models that win competitions and you'll see the difference PLA enamels make. One coat covers. But new, instant-drying SPRAY PLA enamel lets you apply 10 coats in ten minutes. And with each coat, you add dramatic depth and beauty. Brush on PLA for the little finishing touches. Hundreds of color combinations possible with transparent SPRAY PLA colors over metallic base coats. PLA for trim, in 54 colors—15¢ each. SPRAY PLA in 25 matching colors—69¢ each.

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THE TESTOR CORPORATION Rockford, Illinois



many gas places on this road, and no law makes me serve you," he said calmly.

The man's face turned an ugly red. "OK, I'll take them."

Sam and Windy stood by with their mouths slightly ajar.

"Mr. Milikan," said Sam admiringly, "you're a good boss trader."

"Up here we work things out in our own way," he said, watching the gas pump. "Now get your suitcases and get going. If there's anything I hate, it's a bunch of youngsters hanging around my station."

Windy pushed in the baggage, and the boys crowded in beside the driver. "And here's a sack of food in case you get hungry," said Mr. Milikan, handing a paper bag in the window.

"Thanks, Mr. Milikan," said Windy and Sam together.

"Go on," said Mr. Milikan. "Wasn't anything much."

The truck lurched forward. It was seven o'clock, and they were a long way from Marble Hill. The man drove along in churlish silence. Windy's few attempts at conversation were met with unpleasant grunts.

There was almost no traffic on the road, and the villages they passed were so small that they could be seen in a glance. Sam, relaxing a little in spite of their unfriendly driver, looked appreciatively at the early-summer landscape which lay in the grayish shadows of the long twilight.

"Crepuscular," he said to Windy. "Crepwhatscular?" asked Windy. "Twilight," grinned Sam. "I missed that word once on a test and had to use it in a sentence every day for a week in my English class."

"Let's eat something," said Windy opening the bag. "I just can't get over that old man. Look here: apples, cookies and even a little hunk of cheese. I guess he was for us all along. . . . Have some?" Windy asked the man.

"Why not?" said the man, stretching out his hand.

The depressing silence of the driver

and the falling of complete darkness lay heavily on the boys after they had finished their snack. The truck, lurching along the pitted road, covered the miles slowly. Sam looked at his watch in the dash light. Nine o'clock. Even with luck they might not make it much before eleven.

Windy, squeezed between Sam and the door, finally burrowed his head into a soft spot in the torn upholstery and fell asleep. But Sam sat watchfully, wakefully, mile after mile. The driver seemed jumpy and tense.

Sam glanced at the mileage meter. Marble Hill was getting close now. Maybe not more than five miles to go, the way he figured it. It would be good to get there and have a bath and a bed. It was a bad start, missing the bus and all that, but it seemed that they had it made now.

He was peering at his watch again when he heard the driver suddenly exclaim and jam his brakes to the floor. Sam had a glimpse of a white figure flagging them from the side of a parked Model T touring car. The man stopped the truck and threw it into reverse and drew up to the rear of the Model T.

"What's up?" cried Windy, torn abruptly out of his sleep.

"I don't know," said Sam.

The driver stepped out of the truck, and Sam and Windy warily followed.

"Need any help?" asked the truck driver with elaborate courtesy. "I'm a sweet-scented polecat," muttered Windy. "Just listen. Offering to help someone. Prince Charming himself."

"I think it's that Model T touring car that passed us up at the junction," whispered Sam.

"I've got trouble with my lights," said the man in the duster.

"Maybe I can help you," said Sam. "I know a little about Model T's. That is, if this man wants to stop." Sam pointed at the truck driver.

"I hate to trouble you," hedged the man.

"No trouble," said Sam. "This kind of car just happens to be my specialty. Are you going to the old-car rally at Brattleboro?"

"Yes," the man replied. "The old-car rally."

Sam saw Windy wandering toward the back of the truck.

"Hey, you," called the truck driver. "Get away from there."

The man in the duster drew close to the truck driver, and they stepped to the side of the road.

Sam unbuckled the louvered hood of the old car. "This model has the first magneto-powered electric head lamps," he said excitedly.

"Watch out," warned Windy. "There's a car coming."

Sam and Windy looked up into the headlights of the passing car.

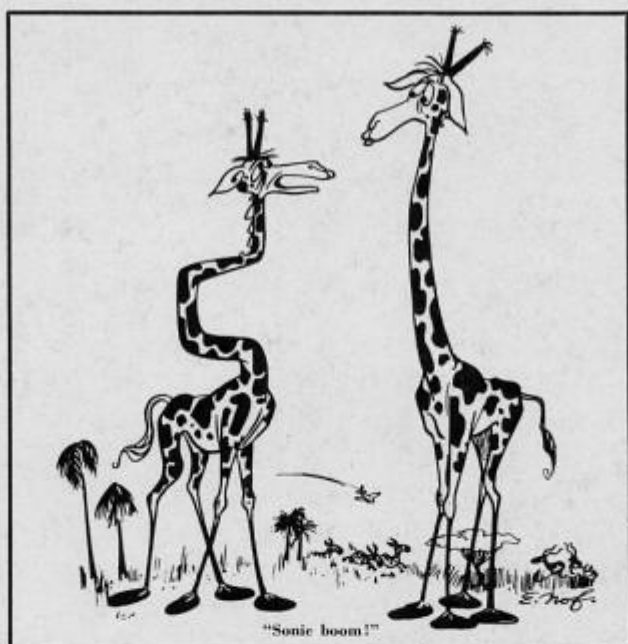
"Boy, a Mercedes," murmured Windy appreciatively as the smooth little sedan hummed by. "That's my kind of car. How would you like to arrive at Marble Hill Inn in that little conveyance?"

"I'd like to be arriving there right now," said Sam. "It's late. Got a match? I can't see what I'm doing."

Before Windy could light the match, the man got back in the car. "Ah, the lights are working now. Can you give me a crank?"

"All right," said Sam, baffled. He had done nothing to the lights. He moved to the front of the car and, being careful not to wrap his thumb around the crank handle, he lightly turned the crank. There was a rewarding roar, and Sam ran to one side as the Model T began to move.

Sam and Windy turned to the truck. The driver had started the motor and, as the boys hurried to get in, the truck began to move forward on the tail of



the Model T.

"Hold on," cried Sam.

The truck shot ahead, passing the astonished boys with an impetuous whish of air. They turned their bewildered heads as the truck charged right on down the road, bugging the rear end of the Model T tourer which was going at its full speed.

"You, you—" shrieked Windy

running in helpless passion after the departing truck.

"Our suitcases," cried Sam, "he left them on the side of the road!"

"That devil. That mean stinking devil," shouted Windy. "I bet he planned it all along. And he took our five dollars too. I wish I'd got his license number. I tried to. What are we going to do?"

Desperately they listened as the sound of the motors disappeared into the night.

"I guess we're going to pick up our suitcases and walk," said Sam grimly. "We're about three to five miles from the Inn, I'd say. I'm so tired I feel like lying down in that ditch and going to sleep, but we haven't any time to spare if we make it before midnight."

The scope of the horrible day, the hideous series of misadventures and one miserable catastrophe after another pounded through Sam's mind. He looked ahead down the dark, lonely road and felt the weight of his baggage. The road showed faintly white under the moonless but starlit sky. He squared his shoulders. "At least it's downhill here," he said.

"Hey, look," said Windy, "off to the right. See the lights? That must be our late departed friends. I guess the road turns."

Sam looked sharp to the right. Through the distant trees the lights of two cars could be seen bobbing into the night.

"There goes nothing," said Windy. "Winthrop College. I have a feeling I'm not getting any closer to you. What do we tell Mr. Plympton?"

"I think, if he asks, that we'll just say we didn't hitchhike."

"And if he asks further, I'll say we came with friends. We had better not start the summer off reporting a mess like this."

"I guess you're right," agreed Sam. "Hurry up, and let's save our breath."

And there was only the compelling silence around them as the last echo of the cars faded away into the darkness, leaving Sam and Windy striding down the long lonesome road to Marble Hill.

TO BE CONTINUED



IT'S TIME FOR OUTDOOR LIVING AND ADVENTURING Wear Your Uniform And Enjoy The Fun!

EXPLORER SUMMER UNIFORM

Be ready for the hot days ahead! Your Explorer summer uniform will keep you delightfully cool when the mercury climbs. Sharp air-conditioned uniform features rugged, he-man shorts and short-sleeved, casual shirt. Here's the ideal outfit for the outdoorsman who likes cool comfort and the smart uniformed appearance that does credit to every Explorer.

No. 837	Field Cap	\$1.15
No. 854	Casual Shirt	3.75
No. 845	Shorts	3.45
No. 834	Web Belt50
No. 827	Stretch Stockings	1.00
No. 828	Stockings90
No. 1469R	Garters, regular80
No. 1470R	Garters, large85

POST EXPLORER UNIFORM

Snappy green uniform is right for wear to meetings and social events. Great, too, for year-round, rugged adventure in the field.

No. 837	Field Cap	\$1.15
No. 852	Shirt	4.10
No. 853	Trousers	5.45
No. 834	White Web Belt	1.00
No. 839	Brown Tie (rayon)	1.00
No. 840	Brown Tie (Dacron)	1.50
No. 838	Brown Socks 2 pair	1.00
No. 836	White Leggings (optional)	2.00



EXPLORER SWEAT SHIRT

Rugged, heavyweight, fleece-lined sweat shirt with Explorer emblem in bright colors has a tight texture that resists chill breezes.

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EXPLORER LEATHER BELT

Black leather belt is designed for optional wear with blazer outfit. Gleaming buckle shows emblem.

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EXPLORER SWIM TRUNKS

Green, boxer-style trunks put you right in the swim. Made of fast-drying Du Pont nylon. Have elastic waistbands and nylon supporters.

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Cotton T's have taped shoulder seams, nylon-reinforced neckbands.

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No. 597 Sea Explorer 1.10

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EXPLORER POPLIN JACKET

Bright red poplin jacket has zip front. It's rain-resistant and Sanforized. Comes with the emblem.

No. 550 Boys' Sizes 12-18 \$4.50

No. 551 Men's Sizes S-XL 5.25

CUB KITE

By HELEN R. SATTLER

EVERY BOY LIKES to build and fly kites. Here is one designed especially for Cub Scouts. Any boy can make it by following the diagram and instructions carefully.

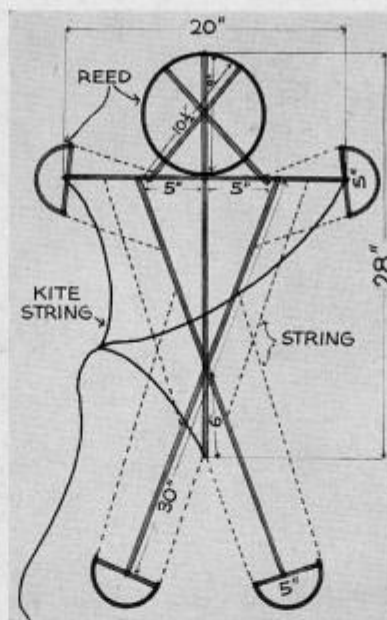
First, cut six sticks from straight grain pine, each about $\frac{1}{4}$ " square. You will need two 30" long, one 28" long, and one 20" long. If you have bamboo poles, you can substitute thin strips of bamboo for the pine. Lay these sticks together as shown in the diagram and tie the frame securely with string at every place where two sticks cross.

Cross two 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " sticks and tie them to the top stick of your big frame. These crossed sticks will support the head of your kite. Tie 5" sticks at the ends of the arm and leg sticks.

To make the head, hands, and feet, you will need about 42" of pliable wood such as that used in building model airplanes, or you can split strips from bamboo poles. These bamboo strips should be about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and must be soaked in water for a couple of hours before you begin bending them.

Cut off about a yard of wood or bamboo and bend it into a circle. Fasten it securely where the ends meet, then tie it to the cross sticks as shown in the diagram to form the head for your kite. Next make the hands and feet as shown.

Use string to form the outline of the kite as indicated by the broken lines in the diagram. Then use brown wrapping paper, or a thin kite paper, if you have it, to cover the frame. Cut the paper about an inch larger



than the frame of the kite so that you can fold it over the frame and paste it.

When finished, paint the kite with blue and yellow poster paint for the uniform, and flesh tones for the face. Draw in the mouth, eyes and other features with crayon.

If you have balanced your kite properly you will need no tail, but a short twin tail may be added by tying ribbon to each shoe. Tie the string to the two ends of the arms stick and to the end of the vertical stick to make a triangular bridle.



320B Youth's Target Model \$27.15

Here's the rifle to bring out the sharpshooter in you. It features Mossberg precision AC-KRO-GRUV rifling, Mossberg S-330 peep sight with quarter-minute click adjustments, and S-320 hooded ramp front sight. Hammerless, safe closed breech single-shot action for .22 cal. Short, Long, and Long Rifle. Sling swivels.

Suddenly, you're the sharpest shot around



340B Sporter 7-shot, clip-type
.22 with target quality sights . . . \$37.95



173Y Teen-tailored 410-gauge
shotgun . . . \$28.45. Here's a compact shotgun that handles easily and shoots straight. This top-loading single shot has 22" blue-steel barrel, and positive thumb-operated safety. Shoots all 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " and 3" factory loaded shells. A specially designed stock helps youngsters shoot comfortably and correctly.

183D 3-shot 410-gauge shotgun with quick-changeable chokes . . . \$36.95

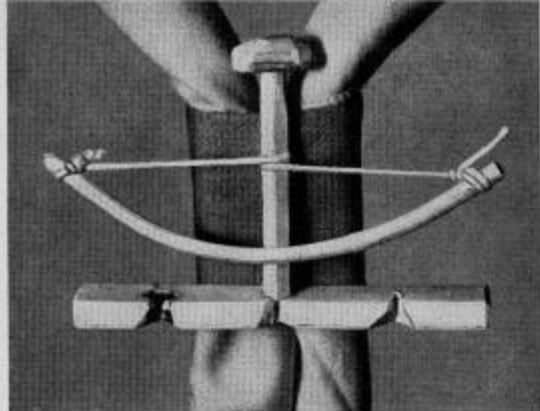
Now's the time to sharpen your shooting eye . . . and Mossberg has the rifles and shotguns to make you top shot in town.

Look over these great models. Then see them—and many others—at your Mossberg dealer's. Or write, O. F. Mossberg & Sons, Inc., 7 Grasso Avenue, North Haven, Conn. Ask for our FREE CATALOG.

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SLIDE OF THE MONTH

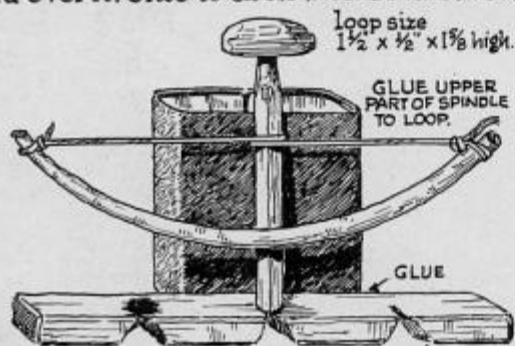
FIRE DRILL



Thanks to
Andy La Tomme
Warwick, N.J.
Whittlin'
Jim

Fire board is of pine. The stick is of birch cut hexagonal. Nut is of birch and bow of a peeled green branch. Everything is glued together, bow to stick, etc.

Although this is a rather simple looking slide, you can easily spend a couple of hours making a really nice looking one. The loop can be made of any thin metal, covered with thin leather, cemented over it. Glue to drill where indicated.



To make it look more realistic, char one of the holes with a red hot wire.

Clearasil has 3 Medical Actions to Help

Open, Clean-out and Dry-up Pimples Fast!

SKIN-COLORED...hides pimples while it works!



Doctors' tests prove Clearasil will work for you. In tests by Skin Specialists on more than 200 patients, 9 out of 10 cases of pimples cleared up or definitely improved while using Clearasil. Guaranteed to work for you or money back. Return package to address thereon. Try Clearasil today.

WHY YOU NEED THE MAN'S WAY TO CLEAR PIMPLES!

Many skin specialists agree that men and boys often have a more difficult pimple problem. Your skin not only tends to be extra oily—but is tougher, too. When this extra oiliness clogs pores and causes pimples, your tougher skin can resist ordinary medication. That's why you need the three medical actions of Clearasil.

How Clearasil Works



1. **Opens pimples.** 'Keratolytic' action gently peels away and opens the affected pimple cap. Lets pimple drain, without dangerous squeezing.
2. **Cleans-out pimples.** Now anti-septic medication can reach deeper, relieve inflammation, encourage the return of normal skin condition.
3. **Dries-up pimples.** Oil-absorbing action works to dry-up pimples fast... remove excess oil that can clog pores and cause pimples.

Helps Clear Blackheads Too.

CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so many of them 'float' out with normal

washing. And it is skin-colored to end the embarrassment of pimples and blackheads instantly, while its medications are working to clear them up. Greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

New Stick, only 98¢. Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Squeeze-bottle Lotion, only \$1.25 (no fed. tax on any). At all drug counters.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks' supply of CLEARASIL (in trial-size tube) send name, address and 15¢ to Box 319, Dept. CT-5, CLEARASIL, New York 46, N. Y. Clearasil is a registered trademark.

In New Stick, Tube or Lotion



Don't just talk...



America is beautiful. To keep her so, we must protect land and water and use our great resources wisely.



A conservation project is particularly exciting when the whole gang plans it and works on it. That goes whether it happens to be tree planting (top picture) or stream improvement (above) or soil erosion prevention (opposite page).

ONE OF THE greatest Good Turns that each of us can do for America today and for all the future is to wake up to the importance of conservation—to become conservation-minded and to learn to use our country's natural wealth in the wisest possible manner, for the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

To a lot of fellows the word "conservation" means "plant a tree," and little else. But to a fellow who really knows, conservation of our natural resources has a lot of meanings. They cover the whole range from the way you act in the outdoors when you're hiking or camping to projects you can undertake in the fields of soil and water conservation, in forestry and wildlife management.

Outdoor Manners—On a hike or an overnight, your best conservation bet may be simply to protect: building your fire in a safe way and putting it out completely after you've used it, refraining from damaging trees with your ax, not ditching your tents, taking your debris (empty cans and bottles and jars, garbage that won't burn) home with you for disposal in a proper manner.

If your troop has its own campsite or you camp on local council property, there are lots of constructive things you can do in the conservation line but, before you go ahead on a conservation project, look to the future. If, for instance, you want a certain area to be your main tent site for a long time to come, keep it open and possibly improve the soil for grass. If, on the other hand, an open area is too steep for camping, you may want to turn it into woodland. Here are some further suggestions:

Soil and Water Conservation—Learn about the soils of your campsite and find out the best methods for protecting its topsoil. Lay out contour lines on a slope in camp and seed it with grass to prevent erosion. Stop gully formation with soil strips. Heal existing gullies with brush dams or by planting shrubs in them.

Forestry—Plant tree seedlings on your campsite for the improvement of the area or for future timber. Help in the thinning or pruning of your camp's woodland. Assist in removing undesirable "weed trees." Collect tree seeds and start a tree nursery to grow your own seedlings for planting in years to come.

Wildlife Management—Make brush piles to provide cover for wildlife. Plant shrubs that will give food and protection to birds and animals. Build and put up wood duck nest boxes. Set out squirrel boxes. Help make a fish survey of the lake in camp. Build small dams or deflectors for improving local streams. Plant willows on streambanks. Protect a steep streambank by placing a layer of rocks against it at the waterline.

By doing your part for conservation, you will help **KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL.**

...LEND A HELPING HAND

By WILLIAM HILLCOURT





Finalists in all events were presented with medals and trophies in true Olympic style.

Grim determination shows as feet stretch to clear the crossbar in the high-jump event.



Eyes search rapidly for the center of the trampoline as this gymnast completes a flip.

Virginia Explorers gather to compete at the Fort Lee

EXPLORER OLYMPICS


By PHIL MORGAN

The voices of 428 Explorers filled the stadium of Fort Lee, Va., as they repeated, "We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in fair competition, respecting the regulations which govern them and with the desire to participate in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honor of our country and for the glory of sport."

These words signaled a weekend of athletic, scholastic and skill events ranging from archery to volleyball, from swimming to safe-driving practices and from chess to slide rule. For those on the track, the problem of a six-foot high jump was faced while, across the vast expanses of the military post, others struggled to get their sticky slide rules working. The slip-stick specialists were calculating interest rates and gas mileage while the scholars were learning about "xanthophyll" and "Avogadro's hypothesis."

Other weekend activities included chow in the mess hall and comedy routines by military and Explorer personnel at a huge variety show.



A typical Goodyear Value in Bike Tires, The Wingfoot "175", especially made for midweight bikes. Now built with  Nylon Cord that is Triple-Tempered, like steel, to fight road-shock and fatigue.

A tough route requires tough tires

(That's why he uses Goodyears)

This is Kirby Hamilton, Florida businessman. Weekdays and weekends, he delivers the Florida Times-Union along a sandy stretch of Jacksonville Beach.

In his business, Kirby has learned plenty about bike tires. His route is so tough . . . everything from coral roads to loose sand . . .

previous tires lasted only a few months. The Goodyears he's using now are still in great shape after eight months.

There's a good reason for the difference. Because Goodyear tires are built with 3-T Nylon Cord, they pack extra resistance to bumps, bruises and abrasions. And their su-

per-tough treads wear longer, give you better grip, quicker, safer stops.

If you want to get the most possible fun and service out of your bike, better follow Kirby's example. Next time you need tires, see your Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Cycle Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Wingfoot—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

GREEN BAR

Bill

Says:

LET'S DO IT THE EASY WAY



DID YOU EVER watch the way different patrols make camp? If you haven't already, you'll have a chance to do it at the camporee coming up out your way this month or the next.

Some patrols arrive on their campsites and seem to spend the rest of the day getting their camp gear unpacked and their tents pitched. In other patrols the tents seem almost to pitch themselves, and by the time the camp is established, the gang sits down to eat its first camp meal.

What makes the difference? Patrol organization does!

I've hammered at it before, and I'll be hammering at it again and again: Get that patrol of yours organized for quick and effective camp making. There's no reason why you should spend hours and hours on camp making and cooking. There are lots more exciting things to do in camp.

So, before you even take off from home, turn your gang into half-patrol teams, with yourself and Pete and John and Charlie (or whatever the names of your fellows are) in a Tenting Crew, and Bob and Chris and Jack and Shorty in a Cooking Crew.

When you get to your campsite, start off by putting your packs in a neat duffel line and taking a swing around the place. This is where the tents will go, you decide. This is the spot for the kitchen. This is where we'll eat. This is where we'll have our campfire. "OK, let's go!"

The Tenting Crew grabs their packs that contain the tenting gear, unpack and have the tents springing up, one after the other, with two fellows at work on each tent. After that's done, the fellows dig the latrine and collect wood for the evening campfire. At the same time, the Cooking Crew members have been at work on four different jobs: The two cooks of the day have laid out the kitchen gear and have started preparations for the evening meal. The fireman has built a fire-place and is keeping the fire going in it. The waterman has brought in water and is now available for various kitchen chores.

Things are humming all over camp. After the tents are pitched and the meal cooked and eaten, there's plenty of time for other kinds of Scoutcrafts pioneering, nature, exploration.

That's the way it's done in a real Scout patrol. How is it done in yours?

A short while ago I camped with a patrol that really knew its cooking. We had some of the best patrol meals I've ever tasted.

"How come?" I asked the patrol leader.

"We just follow the recipes in our own private patrol cookbook. Want to see it? We call it *Good Eating with the Beavers*."

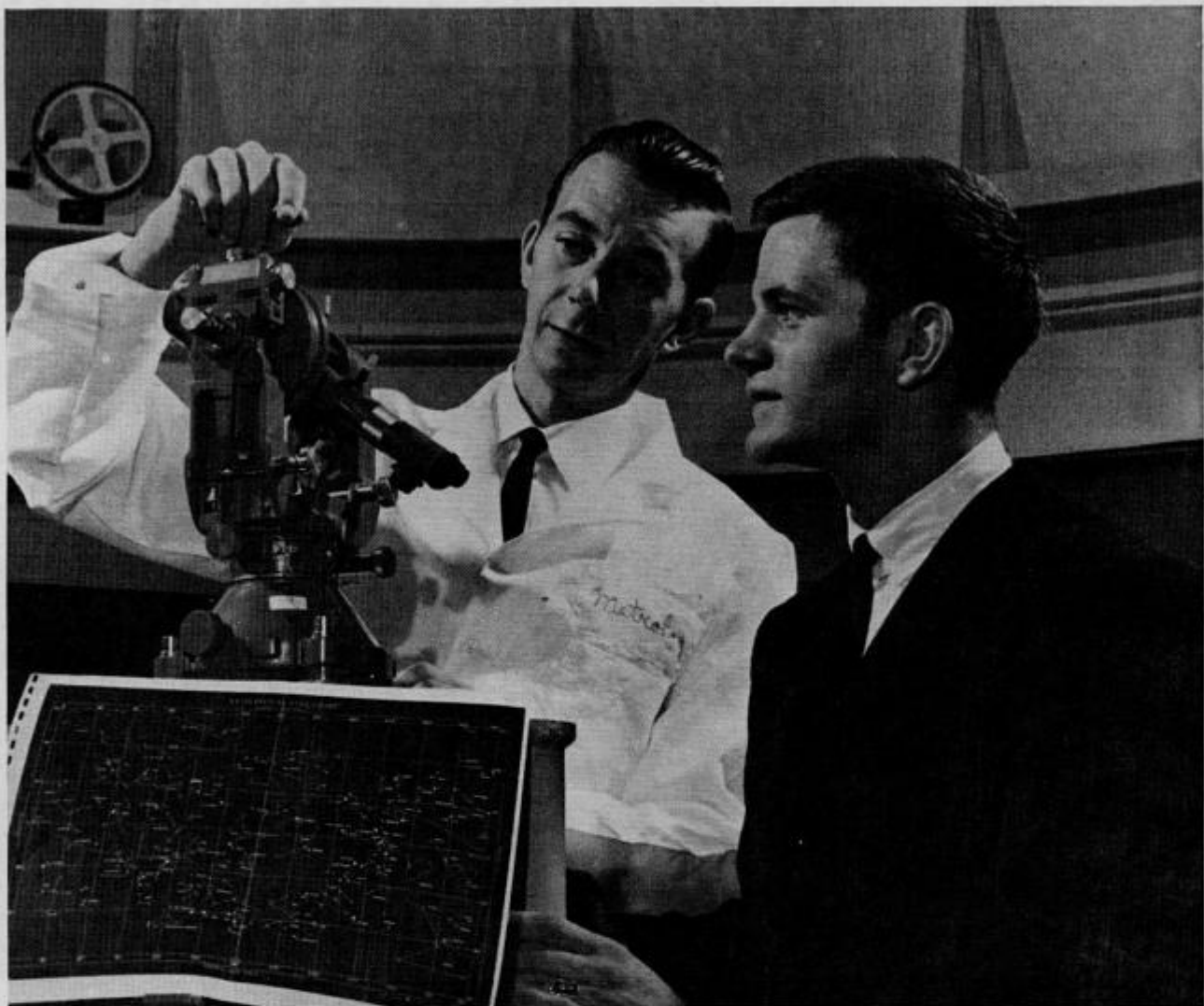
When the Beavers started a couple of years ago, the fellows picked their favorite dishes in the *BOY SCOUT HANDBOOK* and in the *HANDBOOK FOR PATROL LEADERS*. The patrol grubmaster worked out the amounts to fit the size of the gang, and the patrol scribe wrote out the recipes in loose-leaf form.

Now, whenever the Beaver Patrol goes camping, the members simply pull out one of the recipe sheets and follow the instructions.

How's that for a trick to use in your patrol?

At a camporee I get a special kick out of seeing the patrols that have their fellows hiking in with all their equipment on their backs. "Can't do it in our patrol," you say? "Too much stuff, too small packs." Bet you can if you plan it right! Cut the patrol equipment down to what you'll actually use. Then distribute it among the fellows and train in packing it. And remember that you don't have to fit it all *inside* the packs. By using horseshoe method shown below for tents or sleeping bags, you'll discover that you have a lot of space you didn't think you had.





GM scientist shows teen-ager Al Epton how a theodolite helps keep AC Spark Plug Division's gyros accurate.

Sighting stars to aim a missile straight

The tiniest inaccuracy in a missile's guidance system can throw it way off once it's launched into space.

That's why precision measurement is extremely important in building and testing the gyroscopes used in these systems. And it's why GM's AC Spark Plug Division scientists use such accurate measuring devices as the theodolite shown in the picture at its Geodetic Reference Lab in Milwaukee.

What the precision theodolite does is

this: by sighting stars it helps AC scientists determine local latitude, longitude, and the "true north" azimuth.

The azimuth information thus obtained is stored in target collimators — optical devices so arranged as to simulate stars. Later, the light from these simulated stars is projected inside the plant where it is referred to by engineers as they build and check the gyros.

GM's Geodetic Reference Lab is a good

example of how the missile scientist's demands for precision are being met. It's also a good example of how General Motors is constantly seeking and supplying a *better* way — through engineering and research.

General Motors makes things better

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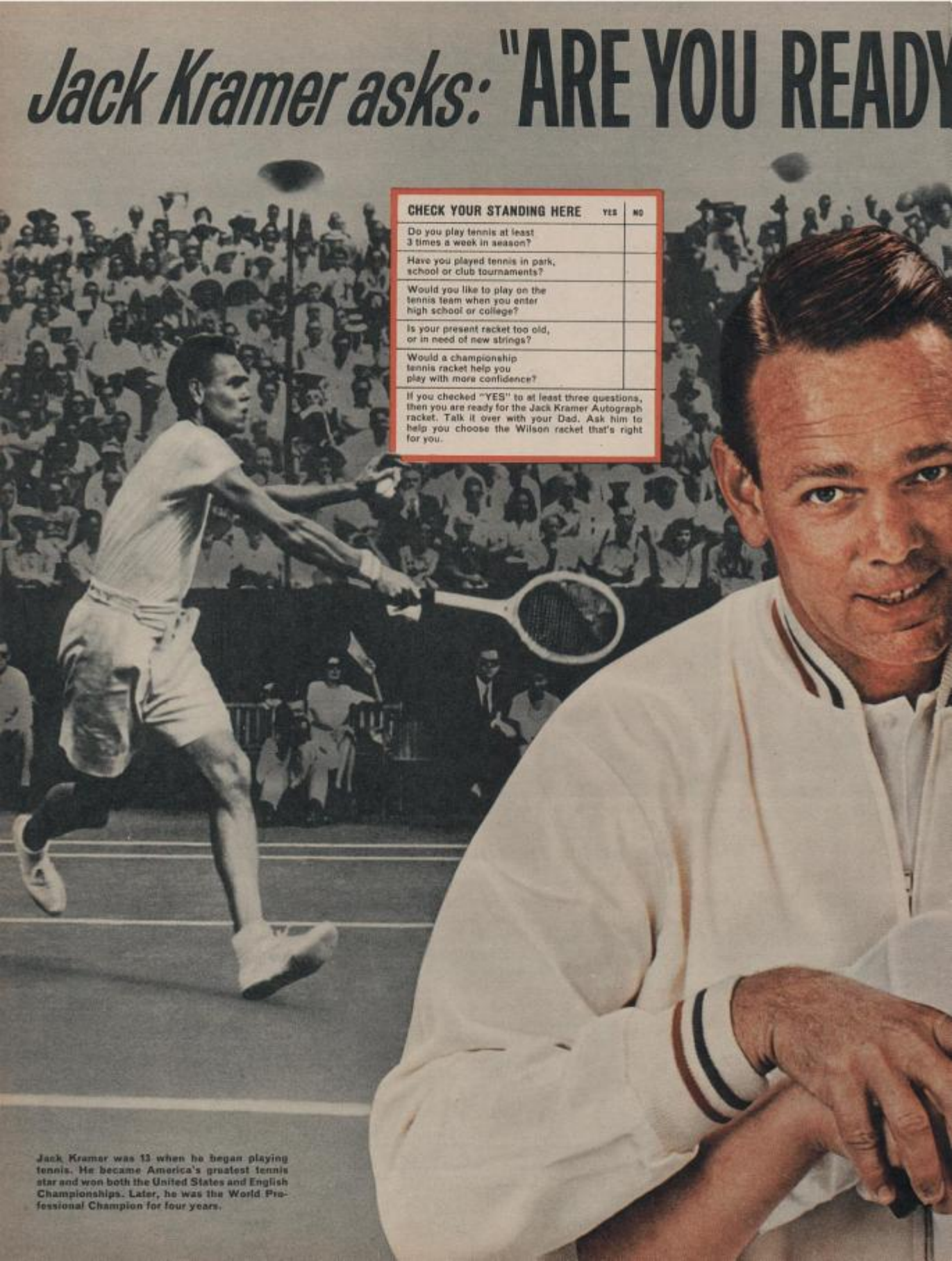
Al Epton, an Oak Creek (Wis.) High Junior, won a Science Fair first place by constructing an artificial heart. Al majors in chemistry and math, plans to take an engineering degree at UCLA after high school. He lists football, hunting, and choral singing as his hobbies.

Jack Kramer asks: "ARE YOU READY?"

CHECK YOUR STANDING HERE

	YES	NO
Do you play tennis at least 3 times a week in season?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Have you played tennis in park, school or club tournaments?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Would you like to play on the tennis team when you enter high school or college?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Is your present racket too old, or in need of new strings?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Would a championship tennis racket help you play with more confidence?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

If you checked "YES" to at least three questions, then you are ready for the Jack Kramer Autograph racket. Talk it over with your Dad. Ask him to help you choose the Wilson racket that's right for you.



Jack Kramer was 13 when he began playing tennis. He became America's greatest tennis star and won both the United States and English Championships. Later, he was the World Professional Champion for four years.

FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP RACKET?"

**Get ready now with the JACK KRAMER AUTOGRAPH RACKET from WILSON
used by more amateur and professional stars than any other racket**

Take a tip from America's greatest tennis star, Jack Kramer—play tennis. Compete as often as possible by signing up in park, school and club tournaments.

And get the racket that helps you make the most of your natural ability—the great new Jack Kramer Autograph from Wilson.

The Jack Kramer Autograph helps you deliver smashing serves and bullet-like returns because Wilson's exclusive Strata-Bow* frame assures outstanding power performance. Unlike some other rackets, the Kramer Autograph is constructed of 13

pieces of select woods bonded into a single resilient unit that resists splitting or warping and is unmatched for strength or playability.

Wilson's "NO-SLIP grip" gives you complete control of the racket at all times, too. It won't slip or twist from your hand because its top quality leather is perforated to absorb perspiration and specially treated to give it a permanent "tacky" feel.

Don't wait. Visit your sporting goods store or tennis professional shop now. Get the feel of the perfectly balanced Jack Kramer Autograph racket. See Wilson's exclusive

Strata-Bow frame and "NO-SLIP grip."

Get ready now for championship play with the new Jack Kramer Autograph racket from Wilson—the choice of champions!

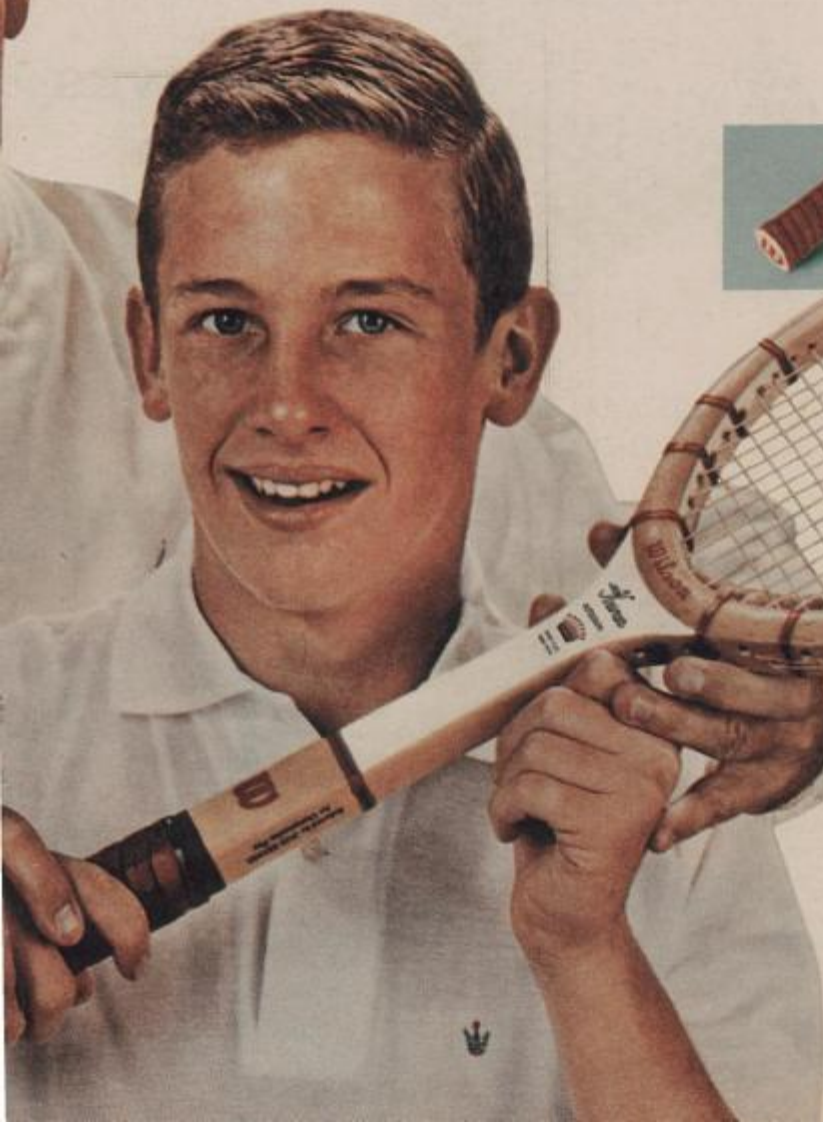
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Wilson Championship tennis balls have been officially adopted for use in more tournaments than any other ball.



"NO-SLIP grip" of specially treated leather gives you better control because it won't twist in your hand.



T2560. Trabert Autograph racket, endorsed by tennis star Tony Trabert. Has sturdy Strata-Bow frame and perforated tan and black leather grip.

T2564. Kramer Pro racket, specifically designed for school play with Strata-Bow frame and red and gold leather grip.

Jack Kramer and Tony Trabert are members of the Wilson Advisory Staff.

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IT WAS AUTUMN in 1934, and the citizens of Dreherstown, Pa., thought the second civil war was about to come off. Actually the guns of Hawk Mountain were silent for the first time in years, but local hunters were organizing. "growl" meetings were held, and the lid on peace and quiet seemed about to blow.

Dreherstown lay snug in a cove of Kittatinny Ridge in the Appalachians. Since prehistoric times, along these mountain skyways, untold numbers of hawks had ridden the ascending air currents in their yearly migrations to southern wintering grounds. Here on Hawk Mountain, hundreds of gunners had gathered in September and October to blast away at the passing birds.

It was good sport, they claimed, and useful too, since everyone knew that hawks were "vermin." Some kinds, at least, got into poultry yards, fed on game birds and in general deserved the old-time treatment as wildlife outlaws. To some extent this attitude had official support, since the Pennsylvania Game Commission had a bounty on the goshawk, and other hawks and owls were not protected.

But another kind of public opinion was simmering. Bird-watching was a growing hobby for people in many states. All sorts of conservation groups were disturbed over the killing of predatory birds, and ornithologists were urging protective laws.

"Sure, some hawks and owls eat birds and game," they said, "but these losses are natural and not worth worrying about. And many of the feathered hunters feed on mice, rats and other pests. Altogether, they certainly do more good than harm." It had become obvious that you couldn't protect "good" kinds and kill "bad" ones, because most hunters did not know one from another.

News of the slaughter at Hawk Mountain got around. It rankled in the breast of Rosalie Edge, a grim and determined woman who had founded the Emergency Conservation Committee in New York City. Quietly she moved in and made arrangements to buy two square miles of Hawk Mountain. A well-known ornithologist, Maurice Broun, took charge of the property, and they gave notice that shooting was at an end.

A game warden voiced a dire warning to Mr. Broun: "You can't keep gunners off that land," he said. "I wouldn't have your job for a hundred dollars a day!"

But—credit be to everyone—there was no storming of the heights. Newspapers, merchants who had sold shotgun shells and the gunners themselves held off to see what it was all about. That fall more than 500 visitors came to the new Hawk Mountain Sanctuary to see the migrants. It was the first sanctuary in the world to be established for birds of prey.

Three years later the tally of fall visitors had increased to 3,350, and the sanctuary was in business to stay. Maurice Broun could say with satisfaction that there had been no real trouble. He took a special pride in the change in a young man who lived at the foot of the mountain. "In 1934," said Broun, "he insisted

on shooting hawks along the western border of the sanctuary. This year there was no borderline shooting; the Dreherstown lad became a real friend, making frequent visits to the sanctuary—with a pair of borrowed glasses!" That season the official record of migrating hawks, eagles and vultures totaled 16,734 and included 17 species.

The sanctuary was taken over by the National Audubon Society, and its fame spread (see *BOYS' LIFE*, "Hawk Highway" August, 1954). In the sanctuary's seventh year the editor of the state game magazine, *Pennsylvania Game News*, said that "hunters who formerly slaughtered thousands of these birds, many of them beneficial, are now using the sanctuary as an observation post to study their characteristics." He urged people to go and see.

The war of nerves at Hawk Mountain helped to kick off a movement in many states

real busy, they'll be wearing black armbands for some fine-feathered friends. A man long active in this work explained it to me this way: "Even federal protection has not done the job for the bald eagle. Eastern birds are in a steady decline. They've lost nesting sites, and chemical pesticides may be hurting them, but also there's a lot of irresponsible gunnery."

"As for hawks and owls, we've made good progress in getting protective laws, but it's a sorry fact that the killing goes on. I think the real problem is to get people to know their birds of prey. Anyone who gets that interested will simply stop shooting them."

That made sense to me. The hawk and owl shooting I have known about was done by people who have a nice, simple classification for all such birds: Anything with a curved bill and meathooks on its feet is either a "chicken hawk" or a "hoot owl." Both are supposed to



Let's protect our **HAWKS** & **OWLS**

By **DURWARD L. ALLEN**

E. Harold Austing, from National Audubon Society

This red-shouldered hawk (above) and his cousins are protected in only 17 states.

that has been rolling ever since—the protection of hawks and owls. Long ago our federal government outlawed the killing of American, or bald, eagles anywhere in the United States, and recently the golden eagle was brought under federal protection. Regulations on other birds of prey are approved individually by our states.

As of 1962, at least seventeen states had laws protecting all hawks and owls, and many others protected (on paper anyway) all but a few species—usually the goshawk, Cooper's hawk and horned owl. State laws of this kind always have the fair-enough provision that a farmer can kill any bird that is doing damage to poultry or other property.

Well, that's just fine, isn't it? Bird conservationists ought to be dancing in the streets.

But they aren't. And unless someone keeps

be public enemies deserving execution.

On the other hand, people who know birds of prey by their first names get a different kind of bang out of wild-land tramping. A hawk in the sky or an owl flying off through the woods will stop the show. Of course, we all like the dickerbirds that sing in the yard and come to the feeder—bless their ornery, quarrelsome little hearts! But for my money the "seeing" value of the wild hunters is tops.

Like the June afternoon when three of us were fishing a gator hole at the edge of a pond, deep in Georgia's Okefenokee Swamp. We had plenty of fun catching warmouth bass, but the fishing we enjoyed most was done by an osprey, or fish hawk. Time and again he came in to hover on beating wings 30 feet above the water. He would zero in on something, drop with a splash and nearly disappear. Then—

heave-ho away—out he would come lugging a half-pound warmouth in his ice-tong talons. Other times he missed, but somewhere in the swamp a nestful of young ospreys were well fed that day.

Was he taking our fish? Maybe we got some of his.

Anyone who prides himself in woods lore will avoid that old chicken-hawk and hoot-owl routine. It's easy to learn predatory birds. In every part of the country, book-stores carry bird guides that give the field markings of all the common species. One of these guides and a pair of binoculars will add something worthwhile to that next outing. So what do we look for?

Among our most spectacular hawks are the ones that soar high in the air. These are large, broad-winged, broad-tailed birds—often called *buteos*—that feed mainly on mice

winged, long-tailed, weak-legged bird with a conspicuous white rump patch. You'll see this one quartering back and forth across open fields and marshes, watching for small animals such as meadow mice, frogs, and the unwary young of meadowlarks and blackbirds. Of all our feathered hunters, the marsh hawk is easiest to see and identify.

The Cooper's hawk is a common accipiter. It is medium-size (female about 18 inches long, the male smaller) and has short, rounded wings and a long tail—evidently the proper construction for catching birds around thick cover, which is the way the Cooper's makes its living. Also, it's the original chicken hawk; likely enough, this bird has done more poultry damage than all other hawks combined. You will know the Cooper's by its habit of alternately flying and gliding at low levels around woodlots and hedgerows.

"Hear what?" I try to be reasonable and understanding.

"It was a real weirdie. Sounded like someone tearing a tin roof apart."

"Aw baloney! You guys let your imaginations run—"

Just then it came—the most impossible, nerve-jangling sound that ever scratched across a human eardrum. It sounded like someone scraping a file (*but hard!*) against the edge of a piece of sheet metal.

One of the boys was playing a light into the tree behind the tent, and I heard him sing out, "I see him! There he goes! Hey, it was a little, tiny owl!"

Right then I got the signal. "Men," I said impressively, "for the first time in our lives we have heard a saw-whet owl. Our fore fathers gave the bird that name because they thought its call sounded like someone filing a saw."

Well, you can see how hawk watching in the daytime can get to be owl listening at night. The real fun is in being able to sit by the fire and name what you're hearing. Nearly everyone is familiar with the high, quavering trill of that neat little catcher of June bugs, the screech owl. And everyone *thinks* he knows the hooting of the great horned owl; but there's a pitfall here.

The true hoot owl, or great horned, has a soft, resonant call that is likely to be in three syllables—like "Whoonh, whoonh-whoonh." You are likely to hear this nearly anywhere. There is even a bleached-out race that nests on the great saguaro cactus of Arizona deserts. The horned owl is the Halloween character with long ear tufts, yellow eyes and the spirit of a feathered dragon. It feeds on all manner of birds and mammals, including skunks and the young of foxes and housecats. A disturbed horned owl snaps his bill, hisses and acts plumb hungry—for people.

The big-owl confusion arises when you hear the barred owl, a bird with a round head and dark eyes that is common around lowlands. This one can be remembered as the "eight hooter." Its voice is sharper, and the hoots come in couplets, like "Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo-ahaa!" Sometimes the barred owl starts his talk with a long cry like a stricken rabbit, and after that the eight hoots.

Among other owls you may find or hear in various kinds of cover are the barn, long-eared, and short-eared. Sometimes people of Northern states get a real treat when a scarcity of small rodents on the Arctic barrens causes the beautiful snowy owls to move southward in winter. Of course, most of them end up in taxidermy shops!

Certainly a lot more needs to be known about birds of prey. But authorities have plenty of facts already to show that these "varmints" of yesteryear have a rightful place in our wildlife communities. Preserving them is part of keeping our wild places wild—the kind of country where we want to hike, camp and relax on our vacations.

If you think so too, then learn to know the dozen or so kinds found near your home—and spread the word.

THE END



Austin and Koshler, from National Audubon Society

An owl flitting through the woods often stops the show. Above: the barn owl.

and other small animals. Common kinds are the red-tailed, red-shouldered Swainson's (in the West) and the roughleg. The handsome rough-legged hawk nests in Canada and winters in our Northern states. Your bird book will show that it has an amazing variety of plumages. Our smallest soaring hawk is the broad-wing—the commonest migrant at Hawk Mountain—which has a particular fondness for snakes.

Aside from the *buteos*, there are three other general types of hawks which are easy to recognize by their form and actions—the harriers, the accipiters (also called blue darters) and the falcons. Each group is represented by a species which nests nearly everywhere in the United States.

The harriers are no problem, since we have only one species. The marsh hawk is a long-

The sparrow hawk is our only common falcon. It's a beautiful, robin-size acrobat of the air with long, pointed wings. It regularly sits on wires watching for grasshoppers, which it picks daintily out of the air. It also takes small birds or pounces on fleeing mice.

That's a quick fill-in that will get you started on hawks, but what about owls? These are a different problem.

A couple of years ago I was camped with a group of Explorers on a knoll beside a northern Indiana lake. It was past midnight when something awakened me. The boys were talking in the tents nearby.

"Say, why don't you fellows knock it off? I've had a hard day and could use some good old —"

"Didn't you hear it?" asked a voice in the next tent.



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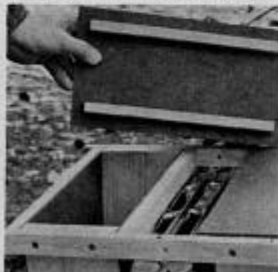
Enlarge one hole in each bracket to $\frac{3}{8}$ " to fit axle shaft; brackets are secured with axle-shaft nuts.



Before you make the boxes, check the height from the top of the bracket to top of crossmember.



Two $\frac{1}{4}$ " bolts through luggage rack hold unit in place. Holes in crossmembers may be used for tie ropes.



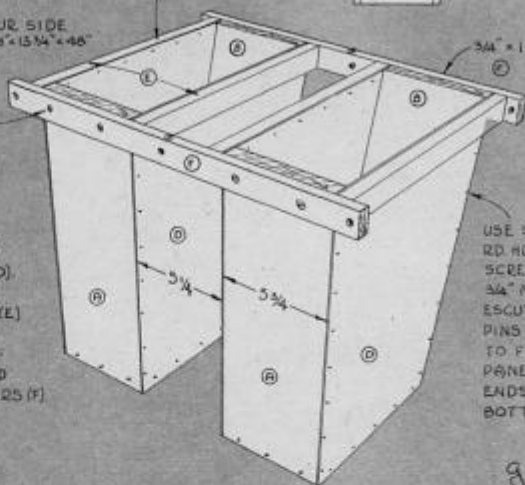
Covers may be added to make the boxes semi-waterproof; hinged or drop-on type lids can be used.



HOW TO LAY OUT THE FOUR SIDE PANELS ON A PIECE OF $\frac{1}{8}$ " $15\frac{3}{4}$ " \times 48" TEMPERED MASONITE.

$\frac{1}{4}$ " No. 10 F.H. WOOD SCREWS (5)

ASSEMBLY PROCEDURE
CUT BOX PIECES (A-D) TO LENGTH TO FIT PANELS (D). FASTEN PANELS TO THESE PIECES, THEN ADD STRIPS (E) ON OUTSIDE OF PANELS. TRIM BEVELS ON FRONT OF BOXES SLIGHTLY, THEN ADD $\frac{1}{4}$ " AFT CROSSMEMBERS (F). FASTEN UNIT TO BIKE LUGGAGE CARRIER WITH $\frac{1}{4}$ " BOLTS.



SIDE-VIEW
SHOWING BOX CONSTRUCTION. NOTE ENDS OVERLAP BOTTOM.

USE $\frac{3}{4}$ " No. 6 RD. HD. WOOD SCREWS OR $\frac{3}{4}$ " No. 16 ESCUTCHEON PINS & GLUE TO FASTEN PANELS TO ENDS & BOTTOM.

G. Wagner

FOR BIKE HIKES

BIKE PACK RACK

By GLENN WAGNER

This combination saddlebag and pack frame is just the thing for carrying duffel when you're going on a bike hike. It's sturdy, yet not too heavy or bulky; most of the weight is carried by the rear axle through two angle brackets. The unit is designed to fit a standard 26" bike equipped with a luggage rack, but can be adapted to other sizes by changing the overall height. To make one, you need two $2\frac{1}{2}$ " \times $\frac{5}{8}$ " corner braces, one piece of $\frac{1}{8}$ " tempered Masonite $15\frac{3}{4}$ " \times 48" (panels) and two pieces $7\frac{1}{2}$ " \times $13\frac{3}{4}$ " (covers), an 8' length of $\frac{3}{4}$ " \times 6" white pine (box ends, bottoms), four pieces $\frac{3}{4}$ " \times $1\frac{1}{4}$ " \times $13\frac{3}{4}$ " and two pieces $\frac{3}{4}$ " \times $1\frac{1}{4}$ " \times 20" (top frame).

Suggested fastenings are given in the drawing; boxes and frame must be solidly built and securely fastened to withstand pounding on rough pavements. Follow the assembly procedure suggested on the drawing. Make a test installation, then remove the unit and paint or lacquer it to match your bike. Add decals or insignia for decoration.



After aligning top frame on luggage rack, fasten boxes securely to angle brackets with $\frac{3}{4}$ " long wood screws.



WHEN THE CAVALRY WAS
GIVEN THE UNUSUAL
JOB OF PROTECTING
INDIANS FROM WHITE
MEN, M TROOP HAD TO
TAKE A LONG CHANCE

CALCULATED RISK

By PAUL LUNDGREN

FOR EIGHT DAYS, young Capt. Josh Keiffer had led M troop on its first spring scouting party. The hostile Dakota country was dangerous enough to make him uneasy; but the field competency of his new, red-haired lieutenant, George B. McClellan Briggs, only made him more uneasy. Even grizzled old cavalry scout Sam Lomax was giving the new lieutenant the fish eye once in a while.

M troop had just crossed trails with regimental scout Talking Joe, who was on his way back to Fort Abraham Lincoln. Joe mentioned hearing from his Indian friends of a cabin of prospectors on a nearby creek, a few miles from where the column now was.

It made Josh Keiffer sore when he thought about it. His scouting party consisted of one understrength troop, 33 men and the two Ree Indians who scouted for Sam Lomax. No party that weak should be in the area.

The captain looked at the red-haired, freckled George B. McClellan Briggs, needlessly inspecting the men riding on the flank of the troop.

Sam Lomax, riding loose in the saddle beside him said, "That new looney is trying too hard, Josh. But can't you see his red hair on some Sioux belt sooner or later?"

"I only hope mine isn't beside it," Josh Keiffer mumbled in reply.

Lomax grinned. They'd known each other since General Custer's Black Hills Expedition the year before, when gold was found and trouble started. For then came the gold-hungry white men trying to get to the Indian treaty lands, and the army was given the job of trying to keep them out.

"Captain, you ain't never liked a new lieutenant," Lomax said sarcastically. "This looney's got them delicate, sharp features of a gentleman. He's a born leader. That's plain to see from his talk."

Keiffer growled in response. "Stop your clowning. When he's not palavering about the ethics of war, he's saying nobody wins wars. That's not the best attitude from a man who's paid to fight."

Captain Keiffer watched Lieutenant Briggs ride back into column. At least he did look good on a horse, the captain admitted. Even the respectable cavalry yellow looked brighter on his blue uniform.

Briggs rode up and asked, "Think there's a chance of seeing any Indians?"

Lomax chuckled and Josh almost fell off his horse. "Lieutenant, chasing prospectors out of this area are departmental orders. Standing orders," Josh stated flatly.

"Otherwise we wouldn't be here," he continued angrily. "These are Sioux lands by treaty, Mister Briggs. The cavalry is here to enforce that treaty, Mister Briggs. What season of the year is this, Mister Briggs?"

"Spring, sir."

Josh gritted his teeth. "Correct. By the first snow this fall you will be riding toward Washington, D. C. if you don't see Indians."

Captain Keiffer said it so loud that a few chuckles were heard from the troopers behind, and he noticed the lieutenant's ears turn very red.

Again the captain wondered if it was possible that he, too, was as green when first assigned after West Point three years before. But then the name Keiffer had been on army roles since the American Revolution. He'd grown up in the army.

He drew his gold watch from his pocket, pressed the button on the side and the hinged cover snapped open. He read the engraving inside again: *With this token and your first star, please accept the solicitations and gratitude of your commanding officer and friend, U. S. Grant. 1865.*

It had been his father's watch. He felt its weight in his fingers and closed it.

He watched Sam Lomax's mouth churn with a quid of tobacco, and heard the creak of leather grinding against leather as Sam bent to spit.

Suddenly Sam reined his horse. Throwing a leg over, he slid out of his saddle, bending over the place he had spat.

Josh held up his hand for halt.

"What is it, Sam?" he asked.

"Sioux arrow, captain. Ain't a buffalo arrow either."

Josh dismounted and picked the arrow out of the grass. He noted that the marks before the feathered end distinguished it as Oglala Sioux.

"How old, Sam?"

Sam frowned, took off his battered hat and scratched his head. He studied the soil. "Just hours—after the morning dew for sartin."

"We're about five miles from the place where those prospectors are supposed to have a cabin, aren't we?" Josh asked quietly.

"I reckon about three," Sam replied.

Josh mounted and ordered the troop forward again. He had Sam alert his Ree scouts and send them farther ahead, then he ordered Lieutenant Briggs to ride beside him.

Josh watched the face of the young lieutenant closely. "Mr. Briggs, if we were in battle, I take it you would try to distinguish yourself?"

The lieutenant looked surprised. "I'd do my best, captain."

"Lieutenant, you must begin to think that heroism can be just as respectable coming from a Sioux brave as a cavalryman. We can't all be heroes. Start to think in those terms, and you'll begin to develop a healthy respect for an enemy. What do you say, Lieutenant Briggs?" Josh asked.

The blank bewilderment in the youthful face astonished him. Josh felt a futility in what he was saying. The hostile country was no schoolroom. But he added: "Out here when we don't need to fight, we don't fight. But when we do need to, we fight to win." Briggs was silent. "I've heard that you do an uncommon amount of reading. Perhaps you are something of a scholar?"

Briggs blushed. "It passes the time, sir."

"I am given to understand that the coast artillery has a number of openings for junior officers and a man has a good deal of free time in that arm of service." Josh left it there and looked at the hills ahead.

He could tell by the lieutenant's eyes that it got across to him, that the lieutenant knew he was not welcome in M troop unless he could change.

Briggs blushed again under (To page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

The lieutenant took off his hat. The old chief rode close and reached out to touch the man.

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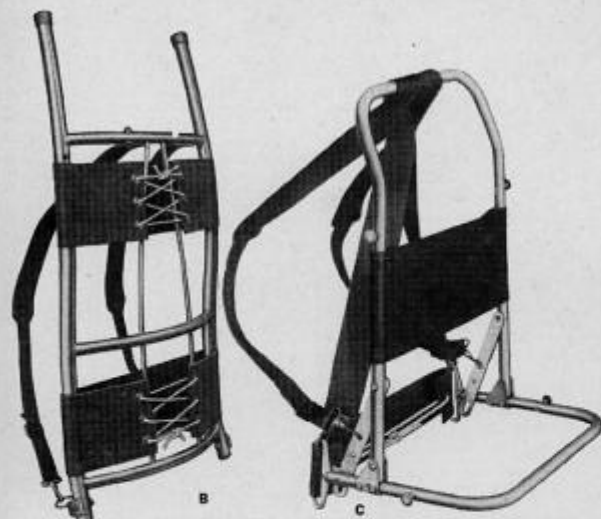


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[A] BOY SCOUT YUCCA PACK—Roomy pack that rides high and comfortable is made of tough, water-repellent army duck. Many quality features include blanket rings; wide-web adjustable shoulder straps; and a special pocket for stowing small gear and personal items. No. 574 Plus 10% federal tax. . . **\$4.95**



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[C] HIMALAYAN PACK FRAME—This amazing frame, used in the conquest of Mount Everest, has been adapted for Boy Scout use. Load attaches to two large cleats on this 28-oz. aluminum frame, is supported by web band at waist and adjustable shoulder harness. Self-locking shelf lowers into position for toting, folds flat for easy storage. No. 1384 . . . **\$7.95**

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[E] CAMPER PAK—Oversized official pack is specially designed to carry the big loads needed for extended camping trips. It's 15" wide, 8" deep, and 22" high. Has a drawstring-type closure, deep snap-shut side pockets, zippered front pocket. Pak fits on any official pack frame or rides on a shoulder strap attachment sold separately. No. 1307 Plus 10% federal tax **\$7.95**
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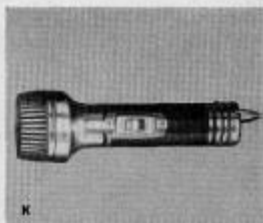
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(G) DAY HIKE BAG—Low-cost bag of sturdy army duck is tops for short trips and one-day hikes. Roomy bag has wide-web shoulder straps that adjust for extra comfort. No. 1225 **\$2.50**

(H) HAVERSACK PACK—Water-repellent Haversack pack of army duck is grand for use on overnight and day hikes. Has big front expansion pocket, rings for attaching blanket. Wide-web shoulder straps adjust for carrying comfort. No. 573 Plus 10% federal tax **\$3.45**



(J) CUB SCOUT WRIST WATCH—Keen wrist watch is made and guaranteed by famous Timex. Waterproof, dustproof, and shock-resistant with an unbreakable crystal. Sharp-looking, alligator-type band. Dial shows the Cub Scout emblem. No. 1738A Plus 10% federal tax **\$9.95**

(K) CUB SCOUT FLASHLIGHT—Here's a flash that's right for night. Has rugged brass case, 3-way signal switch, "safety glow" red head, nonbreak lens. Throws a sharp 400-foot beam. Comes complete with bulb and batteries. No. 1886 **\$1.49**

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(N) CUB SCOUT POCKETKNIFE—You can whittle, carve, or cut with the keen master blade of this handsome knife. Open bottles, drive screws, punch holes, gouge leather with the two tool blades. Both tool blades have safety-catch locks to keep them from snapping closed when in use. Rugged stag-type handle features the Cub Scout emblem. No. 1885 **\$1.75**



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(P) EXPLORER II COMPASS (by Silva)—Jeweled bearing, liquid-filled chamber, map scale. No. 1072 **\$4.95**

(Q) PATHFINDER COMPASS (by Silva)—For direction finding, mapping. Sapphire bearing. No. 1051 **\$2.25**

(R) HIKE PEDOMETER—Records distances hiked to 100 miles. Adjusts to stride. Belt hook. No. 1192 **\$6.95**

(S) PATHFINDER KIT—Pathfinder compass, instruction manual teach you orienteering. No. 1071 **\$4.25**

(T) BAR-NEEDLE COMPASS (by Taylor)—Upper dial has 5-degree divisions; lower has points. No. 1075 **\$1.65**

(U) CHOW SET—Folding knife and fork with bottle opener, one-piece spoon fit in case. No. 1391 **\$1.85**

(V) VITT-L KIT—Stainless-steel knife, fork, spoon, 7" long, clip together, fit case. No. 1387 **\$1.75**

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Your kitty will enjoy this Scratchin' Post with a catnip-filled playmouse suspended on wire curtain spring.

ALL YOUNG KITTENS need a place where they can play as well as sharpen their claws. Older cats, especially those who stay indoors most of the time, need some sort of exercise gym where they can play too. Here are two types of scratchin' posts you can make that will delight the cats and save wear and tear on the furniture. The first is a post covered with a piece of old carpet and has a catnip playmouse suspended on a wire curtain spring. The second type is built up with sections of cardboard carton into a box; it is suspended from a doorknob by strong cords glued into each end so it can be reversed in use. Catnip sprinkled in this model adds to the cat's delight. Dimensions are not critical for either type post; they may be changed to suit the materials which are available to you or to fit the size of your kitten.

Keep the scratching post in a spot where kitty can easily get at it and where you can enjoy watching her frolic and play.



A catnip mouse (pot shop) fastened by the tail to a curtain spring will make an interesting plaything.

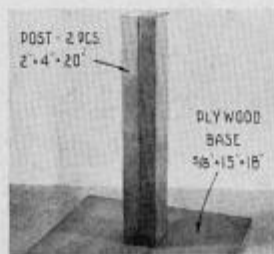


Glue these folded strips back-to-back and then into a unit about 4" wide; use rubber bands for clamps.

YOUR KITTY NEEDS A

SCRATCHIN' POST

By GLENN WAGNER



Two 20" lengths of 2 x 4's nailed together make a good center post; base is a scrap piece of plywood.



Wrap post with a piece of carpet—we used a carpet sample. Fasten it with staples, or use wire nails.



Carton type post is built up with two-yardstick-wide strips of cardboard box 20" long, folded in two.



Make a cardboard box to fit center unit, glue 5/8" long strings in each end; sprinkle catnip leaves inside.

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MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, PAST AND PRESENT

THE UNIVERSAL AMUSEMENT

By LOIS TRIMBLE BENEDICT

For several centuries merry-go-rounds have fascinated young and old. Every amusement park has one where children push past the ticket taker and run to mount their favorite steed. With the shrill ring of the starter's bell the raucous music starts and the ride begins. Proud parents watch from the sidelines, reliving gay rides of their childhood.

Merry-go-rounds have had various names throughout the years. They have been called round-a-bouts, hobby horses, flying jennies, go-rounds, flying Dutchman and carrouseles. The word "carrousel" comes from the French and means "little fight", and one of the earliest carrouseles was just that.

Soon after King Louis XIV was crowned King of France, he made plans for a very elaborate carrousel to amuse his favorite court lady, Louise de la Vallière. All the knights and courtiers spent months preparing for the event. They polished their best suits of armor and brushed their newest and gayest helmet plumes until every feathery strand was in place. Everything was in perfect condition for the parade which preceded the jousting, or carrousel.

As the knights assembled in the Place du Carrousel in front of the Louvre, an unknown wood-carver got an idea. Back in his shop he carved a horse and knight. He liked it so much that he carved another and then another. One day he turned a small cart wheel on its side and mounted his hand-carved knights on it. Soon the neighborhood children were spending considerable time watching and spinning the new toy. Later this same wood-carver made horses large enough for children to sit on. He mounted the horses on a wagon wheel and spent his energy pushing the popular toy.

From that beginning the carrousel idea grew. When it was taken to Italy, music was added. The Germans introduced band music and better mechanization.

A German immigrant brought the first merry-go-round to America and installed it in an amusement park near Philadelphia. Crude as it was, it soon became popular and very profitable. In 1876 the first American-made machine was put into operation. It was hand operated, but soon the owner had enough money to buy a horse to do the heavy propulsion work.

Among the oldest merry-go-rounds still operating is the one to be found in Steeple Chase Park, Coney Island. This machine was installed soon after the turn of the century and is now considered a museum piece. Special repairmen have to make a piece if anything breaks, for parts are no longer available.

Until the mid-1930's most of the animals and trim were hand carved. Hand carving is prohibitively expensive, so the animals and decorations are made of aluminum. One merry-go-round manufacturer estimates that his factory alone has turned out more than 150,000 horses. That would be more than enough to outfit Napoleon's army. Today there are more than 3,000 units operating in this country alone.

Merry-go-rounds, or carrouseles, seem to be a universal amusement and form a common bond between all children. One manufacturer says, "As long as there are children, there will be merry-go-rounds."

Quality at your feet.



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to take the roughest kinds of outdoor wear. With comfort! Tramp through the woods and fields all day and your feet are still rarin' to go. Scout out a pair at the Buster Brown store near you.

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Calculated Risk

(Continued from page 49)



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his pale skin. As the captain watched, he wondered what thoughts were going on in his head. Something about his being a jealous commander. But it was quite obvious that the lieutenant keenly felt the desire to shout something at him.

It made him glad. Glad that at last he could get the lieutenant's goat.

Keiffer noticed Lomax at the top of the highest knoll ahead, pumping his arm and then holding it steady toward the southwest. Keiffer cut out of column, shouting back to Lieutenant Briggs, "Continue toward the knoll. I'll ride ahead to Mr. Lomax."

As he approached the top he dismounted, and Lomax walked down to meet him. The two Ree scouts stayed at the crest.

"Travois tracks off to the west, captain. Goin' slow and easy by the length, though. A war party wouldn't let it go so slow. I reckon there's women, children and old folks with about 200 ponies."

"Gray Horse," Lomax continued, pointing to one of his Indian scouts, "says that about two miles up from where I found the trail by the creek there is a second bunch of pony tracks that go into the main trail."

"How many?" Keiffer asked.

"Maybe 60. They join and all start moving at a faster clip. He says they're Oglala Sioux most likely."

"Any sign of our prospectors?"

Lomax nodded. He drew his hand across his throat like a knife.

"How far?"

"A mile or so."

Keiffer wheeled his horse, motioning for Sam Lomax to join him, and the two rode back to the column. They continued silently until the cabin came in sight.

Captain Keiffer gave the command to halt. "Let's go forward together, gentlemen," he stated coldly. "You too, Lieutenant Briggs."

As they rode in together, Keiffer watched the lieutenant's face. The three saw the bodies at the same time. Both had been scalped. Three men dismounted, and the captain led them into the cabin where they found another body. By the scarcity of empty shell casings, it was evident the men had been taken by surprise.

Josh noticed that Briggs's face was becoming tinged with green at the cor-

ners of his mouth. The rest of his face was drawn and white.

Keiffer waved at the bodies. "Take a close look, Mr. Briggs. You once said that nobody wins wars, as I recall. Well, somebody sure loses wars, Mr. Briggs, and when you're dead, you can't even palaver about the ethics of it all, can you?"

Briggs stared soberly, then the three mounted and rode silently back to the waiting troop.

Josh Keiffer felt he was proving a point, a point that had to be made. To make sure it soaked in, he ordered Lieutenant Briggs to take charge of the burial detail, then he got out his map and marked the position for his written report. He sat down in the shade of a cottonwood tree, and Lomax came and sat beside him, silently yet knowingly.

Briggs walked toward them from the side of the cabin, where the six-man detail was digging in the earth. He seemed to have recovered from the shock of seeing the bodies.

"Captain, you say these men were prospectors?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Briggs," Josh replied wearily.

Sam looked at the lieutenant with interest. "What's biting you, lieutenant?"

"If they were prospectors, doesn't it seem strange they don't have any rock samples around?" Briggs asked.

Lomax and Keiffer got to their feet and walked back to the cabin. Everything of value had been taken by the raiding party. Only stray and curious trappings littered the single room. A bent tin type, broken chairs and a table, and several smashed cooking utensils.

"Lootenent's right, captain," Sam muttered. "Sioux wouldn't bother to carry off rock samples."

Briggs went outside and returned a moment later, carrying a man's shoe in his hand. He handed it to the captain. "It doesn't fit any of the bodies, captain."

"There were no shoe tracks in the trail I looked at," Sam Lomax said. "But if'n they did take a prisoner, he would'a been put on a horse anyway. My guess is these men were digging gold the easy way. Trading contraband rifles for last year's beaver and fox pelts. I think the lootentent stum-



bled on to the dirtiest business on the shady side of this frontier."

Josh weighed the possibilities in his mind. "Yes, there's a chance of it. Reports we haven't been able to check out have come into headquarters. If they took a prisoner. If the man in question was here when they attacked, it might add up. We'll see."

He watched the expression of satisfaction on the face of his troop lieutenant. "We will wait until we know more before we express our gratitude. Mr. Briggs. Boots and saddles, lieutenant. Scouts out, Mr. Lomax," he ordered. He made no attempt to hide the sarcasm in his voice.

Briggs turned about sharply. Even Lomax looked at him curiously.

The mounted troop followed the trail beside the creek until past noon, occasionally seeing either Lomax or one of his Ree scouts ahead. Josh watched Briggs bite his lower lip and then turn toward him.

"Don't you think we should press out against them, sir?" he asked.

Josh almost laughed aloud. "This may come as something of a surprise, Mr. Briggs, but the army doesn't have quite the reputation out here some of the New York newspapers are inclined to have the country believe. The Sioux don't read them," he said, chuckling at his joke.

Sam Lomax appeared at the crest of the next hill, riding toward them at a gallop. Josh halted the column and rode forward to meet him, so as to be out of the lieutenant's hearing.

Sam was smiling as he rode up. "Briggs was right. They do have a prisoner."

"That's one mark for the lieutenant," Keiffer replied reluctantly. He felt a little foolish somehow.

"That makes two of us that's off today," Sam said. "Now we high tail it out of here while we still got hair on our heads, eh?"

Keiffer rubbed his chin with the back of his hand but didn't reply.

Sam frowned, guessing the captain's line of thought. "We'd lose, captain. Oh, if we jumped the whole party they might not fight back in order to protect the women, children and old folks. But this ain't the year for the Ogla Sioux to admit or give up a prisoner who's nothing but a gun-runner."

Keiffer nodded in reply and looked back at Briggs at the head of the troop and felt an anger rising from his stomach. "What about him? Can't have him thinking we're yellow, can we?"

The old scout snorted contemptuously. "Do I give a continental what he thinks?"

Keiffer grinned. He said jokingly, but in a way Sam would doubt, "This is a matter of personal honor. Besides there might be a brevet rank in it."

At that moment Capt. Josh Keiffer didn't care for either of his subordinates. *Be kind to the boy. Let the boy grow ripe in a man's world with ease. Let him transfer, but when it really comes to helping him, maybe at the risk of your own skin, it's altogether different.* Josh had wanted to say that aloud to Sam Lomax, but he didn't. *And I'm called the regimental squirehead by the West Point corps just assigned to Fort Lincoln.*

Controlling himself, Josh asked, "You're sure the Sioux party doesn't know our troop is so close by?"

Sam shrugged. "Who knows what an Injun knows? No, I don't think so. You really care what the green, young Julius Caesar thinks?"

"Yes, and as long as you're in my command, you'll obey my orders. You catch up with them and ride into the group and tell them we want to make talk. That's an order. Make sure they understand."

Sam looked at him in disgust. "You'd take a chance like this for a green looney?"

"Let's get started," Keiffer ordered firmly.

Sam spat at the ground. The old fellow remained motionless in the saddle for a moment, as if not believing what he'd heard, then jerked his reins and

wheeled toward his waiting Ree scouts ahead.

Josh rode back to the troop and joined the lieutenant. They rode forward cautiously, following the hand signals of the scouts ahead.

The early afternoon passed quickly, and for a while he wanted to abandon the pursuit. A troop commander can't devote himself to demonstration teaching. The troopers of his company are his prime responsibility. Then again, even the green lieutenant was one of his men too.

He leaned over in the saddle. "Lieutenant Briggs, I want your advice. Do you believe we should turn back now or press the Sioux on before us?"

Lieutenant Briggs did not hesitate. "I believe we should go forward, sir."

"We shall do that. Since this is your suggestion, you may command the troop. I shall go with Lomax and the scouts. I suggest we advance through the creekbed to muffle the sounds of our horses. Remember, we want the whole party. Lomax and I will flank your right. You will see us from time to time from the creek."

Briggs looked at him as if he were

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confused at what he heard. But he saluted briskly, turned to the column and ordered a trot.

Captain Keiffer cut out and shouted back. "We will signal when to move up."

He rode on toward Sam Lomax, picking his way through the tall grass along the base of the hills. He chuckled as he rode. Now Briggs is thinking I'm yellow as an October moon, he thought. He thinks I'm letting him lead the troop because I'm yellow.

He rejoined Lomax, noting that the old scout's mouth was tightly compressed in anger. They spread distance between themselves and the troop by cutting through the low hills.

Under the crest of a high, rocky butte they dismounted. From the top they could see the winding creek that cut between the hills on either side. Keiffer took his binoculars out of their scarred leather case and focused on the mass of Sioux below. He watched the irregular mass stop at the water's edge for a moment, then continue its slow movement again. There had been no attempt to form battle parties as yet.

He began to breathe easier. His calculated risk had a chance now, and he had to admit the lieutenant had been right about the prisoner.

He stood up. "Now, Sam! Leave your Rees standing on this crest so they can be seen from below. Let's get down there."

He mounted and took out his converted cap-and-ball revolver, turned the cylinder as he rode and replaced it in his holster. He brought the heels of his boots hard against the ribs of his mount.

As they raced forward, Keiffer noted the glint of new rifle barrels among the Indians. Over the crest of the next ravine he saw the troop, nodded at Sam, then pumped his arm to the lieutenant for gallop.

The troop picked up momentum, and the half-mile of almost flat country, cut in two by the creek and sagging in the middle like an unsuccessful layer cake, was suddenly still. The Sioux had stopped, and their leaders scurried about the group. Josh judged their total number to be around 300.

Maybe 100 braves to do battle against his 35. Sam could well be right. Too much risk.

Anxiously he spurred ahead, forcing the last ounce of strength from his

horse. At least Briggs was doing the first right thing—slowing down the troop. Josh intercepted the troop about 300 yards from the Sioux.

Lieutenant Briggs rode out to meet him. "I must have made a mistake, captain. These don't look like dangerous hostiles. They're only Indian families moving to the north hunting grounds. As you say, there's no chance to be a hero here."

Josh Keiffer didn't reply and hoped he didn't show his astonishment at what the young lieutenant had said. Instead he watched a small party of tribal leaders ride toward them.

He held up his hand and nodded recognition to two of the chiefs he'd met before. Sam Lomax rode in close to do the translating.

The one in the center of the delegation did the talking. He was of slight build, good looking, well muscled, but did not wear the trappings that a man of his position of tribal leadership usually wore. Besides the loincloth and weapon belt he had only a thong about his neck from which hung a white-leather medicine bag.

Josh noticed how attentively the others listened to the younger chief, also the shiny Winchester he carried.

Sam turned to Josh. "This is their leader. A chief called Crazy Horse by the Oglala Sioux people. Some kind of medicine man. I don't like it."

During the formal introductions, Josh noticed Sam's face had a worried expression. "Ask Crazy Horse if he sees our scouts on the butte in back."

Crazy Horse listened intently and replied slowly.

"Yes," Sam repeated quickly. "He sees the Rees. If it weren't for the great friendship of the Oglala Sioux for their white brothers, they might have a scalp dance soon."

Josh smiled openly as Sam added in an undertone, "Rees and Sioux don't get along. I don't like it."

"Ask him if he knows that behind the butte are many more of his white brothers, still hidden from their eyes. Pay him every Sioux compliment you know, Sam, when you translate," Josh added.

Disbelief was written in the face of Crazy Horse. The other chiefs looked to him, uncertainly judging the talk.

Josh continued, "Ask him if he's seen any bad white men in this country, selling illegal guns meant only for the warpath."

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Sam smiled wryly at Josh but translated.

Josh could feel Crazy Horse's eyes as Sam spoke, judging him as Sam in turn translated. "He says maybeso. But if'n you'll call your hidden white friends, we will all camp together and maybeso smoke the pipe."

Sam spoke the last sentence slowly and emphatically. "You fool," he added softly to Josh.

Suddenly the old chief that Josh knew as Gray Beaver slapped his legs against his pony's sides, moving closer to Lieutenant Briggs.

Briggs's hand moved quickly toward his revolver.

"Keep your hand off that gun, Lieutenant Briggs," Josh ordered firmly.

The old warrior looked up at Briggs's flat hat and muttered.

"Quickly, Sam, ask the old chief if he's ever seen anything like the soldier chief's medicine before," Josh ordered.

As Sam translated, Josh smiled broadly at the Sioux and leaned toward Briggs and touched his hat. "Take off your hat, Lieutenant Briggs," he ordered.

Briggs turned. "Sir, I—"

"Take off that hat, Mister Briggs," Josh exploded.

The lieutenant took it off, and the old chief gave a grunt of surprise. Cautiously he touched Briggs's red hair as if he were touching the bottom of a hot iron kettle. He smiled at his Oglala Sioux companions and patted it gently.

Several of the delegation rode forward and touched Briggs's flaming red hair. Crazy Horse spoke again to Josh.

Sam translated. "Which do we do, soldier chief. Do you bring in your hidden friends and we all maybeso

smoke the pipe, or do we go our separate ways?"

Sam's face was drawn and white when he finished, and Josh noticed the glint of amusement in the eyes of Crazy Horse. He respected the man's courage.

"Tell them to go in peace," Josh said to Sam. "Tell them that, in the summer when they come to the white man's fort, we shall smoke the pipe together and laugh about all this." Josh smiled at Crazy Horse and knew that he understood.

Crazy Horse glanced from Josh to Lieutenant Briggs, then turned about and rode back to his people, his subchiefs following. In a matter of minutes the entire horde began moving again.

Sam Lomax shook his head and spat at the ground. "You is crazy as a hoot owl, captain," he said sickly. Fingers trembling, he took out a four-finger pinch of tobacco from his coat pocket and stuffed it into his mouth.

Josh chuckled. Then he spoke slowly and quietly, still gazing after the moving Sioux. "Thank you, Lieutenant Briggs."

"For what, sir?" Briggs asked. "For having red hair, lieutenant." He would let him figure it out, for he would in time.

Sam spoke up in a shaky voice. "Crazy Horse called our bluff, lieutenant. It might have been bad."

"Let's take care of the chores, Lieutenant Briggs," Josh interrupted. Before Sam could go on with the explanation, he ordered the troop back into column of twos and put out a rear-guard detail, leaving the Rees to keep watch from the butte.

They backtracked along the creek

to a place among the tall reeds where they bent outward. It was a place several hundred yards from the meeting place of the Oglala Sioux chiefs.

Josh motioned for Lieutenant Briggs and Sam to ride into the brush with him. He cleared his throat. "Mr. Briggs, you have one quality I greatly admire in my subordinates. That is the ability to observe, to take notice of things."

Josh pointed to the patch where the reeds bent outward, away from the weight on top of them.

"Take notice of our little shoe-wearing friend, lieutenant. Yellow shoe as I recall," he said, looking directly at the lieutenant.

Briggs looked down at the body of a man. The missing gun-runner. "Yes, sir, Yellow."

One shoe was still on, the other missing. Josh was pleased. Yes, the lieutenant was only an expensive gamble until he became a man.

Briggs blurted out. "Why didn't we take the Sioux in, sir?"

Sam Lomax's head went back with peals of violent laughter. "Cause, me lad, they would ha' taken your pink and freckled hide and salted it down. Some little Oglala Sioux baby would a been stretchin' it over a hollow log and beating on it with a stick."

Sam's laughter was mostly the clowning at the end of extreme tension. He roared as he glanced at both the captain and the lieutenant. "And if'n they only got yours and the captain's that would be tolerable. But they'd git all our hides. They would'a had a orchistry." Saying this, he all but collapsed in laughter.

Josh smiled at Sam's clowning. He pointed out to the lieutenant that the

blood was still soft on the body of the dead man. There were many knife wounds. He decided to ask the question that bothered him. "Lieutenant, I wonder if our dead gun-running friend knew or cared about such things as wars or ethics."

Briggs reddened. "Probably not, sir," he replied with a deliberate slowness that implied considerable thought.

Josh watched the young man evaluating and studying him. He stated in an unnaturally hard voice, "Mr. Briggs, you need not attempt to write that request for a transfer, for I tell you now I shall not approve it."

He took particular notice of the slight change in the eyes of the younger man. The change pleased him. "Take charge of the burial detail, lieutenant. It's on page 62 of the manual, as I recall."

Josh scowled thinly at Briggs, who grinned rather foolishly back at him.

The lieutenant saluted as he wheeled his mount and rode toward the column for a detail of men. It was the most military salute Josh had seen since West Point. Yes, he decided again, the fellow might do.

Then he noticed grizzled old Sam Lomax stare closely at him.

"Yes, Josh," Sam said softly. "A green lieutenant might not be so green come summer. Everything green has to grow and ripen. Some risks are worth takin'. Reckon he'll do to take along."

"Glad you think so too, Sam. The army calls them calculated risks," he added, immensely pleased with the old scout. "We'd best be getting back to Fort Lincoln. Pick me a high-ground bivouac, Sam, just to be on the safe side. Scouts out."

THE END

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By ELMA WALTNER



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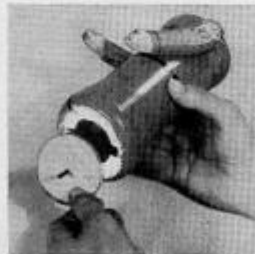
Use your hobby enamels to paint the head, eyes, nose and mouth. Paint the detergent bottle blue. Trousers, shirt and belt markings are done in black. Shoes can be black or brown. Arm patches should be painted to match those of the boy making the bank. Make the money slot about 1/4" wide and long enough so that a half-dollar can be pushed through.



Run a piece of round elastic through the body and fasten it to screw eye in each of the arms.



Cut money slot in back of bottle just below the top row of ridges. Make sure a 50-cent piece fits.



Cut two side slots about 1/4" wide in bottom of bottle. Then make base plate to lock in slots.



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- 2. WORKING SPIDER WEB.** Paint a smooth piece of cardboard black. Cover it with a thin layer of glue and carefully lift the spider web with the card. Cut away excess webbing and then frame the board.
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- 4. TELESCOPE.** Secure two convex lenses—one thick and one thin—with lens holders. Fasten the thin lens securely to one end of a yardstick. Attach the other lens loosely at the other end of the stick. Aim your telescope at a distant object and slowly move the thick lens toward the thin one. The object you are viewing will become larger and clearer.
- 5. SUBMARINE.** Fill a vial half full of water. Hold your finger over the opening, turn upside down and lower into a glass of water. Vial should float as in #3. If it sinks (#1), remove a few drops; if it rides high (#2), add a few drops. Tie a piece of rubber balloon tightly over the top of the glass. Make your submarine dive by pressing the rubber, rise by releasing pressure.



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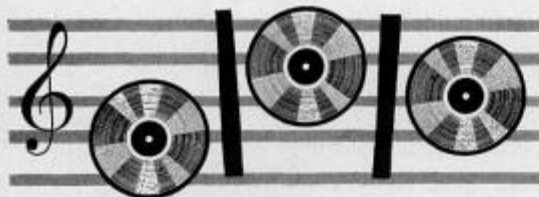
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SONGS OF LOVE. Opera star Richard Tucker illustrates his versatility with such nonoperatic songs as *The Exodus Song*, *I Believe*, *Climb Ev'ry Mountain*, *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*, *You'll Never Walk Alone* and many others. The record is titled **THE FABULOUS VOICE OF RICHARD TUCKER—GREAT SONGS OF LOVE AND INSPIRATION** (Columbia ML5797).

HOEDOWN! Mountain music, hoedown style, comes to life in this modern version of some of the liveliest music of our day. You can't help tapping your toes or stamping your feet when you listen to such tunes as *Turkey in the Straw*, *Golden Slippers*, *Chicken Reel*, *Listen to the Mockingbird* and a host of other all-time favorites. (Liberty, LMM 13024 or LSS 14024).

MIDNIGHT IN PARIS. Added to the multitude of Parisian music is another fine platter. Duke Ellington and his orchestra put the listener right into a sidewalk cafe when they play such songs as *A Midnight in Paris*, *Under Paris Skies*, *Made-moiselle de Paris* and *Comme Ci, Comme Ca*. (Columbia CL 1907 or CS 8707).

INTERNATIONAL TOUR. RCA Victor has a new series of records

featuring the tops in popular music. Titles of the new releases are: *Our Man in New Orleans*—Al Hirt; *Our Man in Boston*—Arthur Fiedler; *Our Man in Hollywood*—Henry Mancini; *Our Man in London*—Melachrino; *Our Man on Broadway*—Ray Ellis; and *Our Man in Latin America*—Perez Prado. Music ranges from the twist and bossa nova through movie themes, show tunes and on to jazz. Regardless of your taste for music, you can find something which is bound to please you in this fine collection.

CREATING MOODS. Musical endeavors seem to challenge the creativity of the famous Henry Mancini. Liberty's new release (LST 7121 and LRP 3121), **THE VERSATILE HENRY MANCINI**, illustrates the true abilities of this great artist. Songs included on this disc are such favorites as *Poinciana*, *The Naked Sea*, *The Breeze* and *I, Sleepy Lagoon* and *Ebb Tide*.

MARIO LANZA. The fabulous voice of popular Mario Lanza is presented by RCA Victor in the album **MARIO LANZA, LOVE SONGS & A NEAPOLITAN SERENADE**. Prior to the death of Lanza in 1959, he had completed a number of recordings, and this one includes such songs as *Because*, *For You Alone*, *I Love Thee*, *O Sole Mio* and many others. (LSC 1188 e).

NEW WORLD SYMPHONY. Although there have been many recordings made of Dvorak's *New World Symphony*, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic have done a wonderful job on this new Columbia (MS 6393 or ML 5793) version. Dvorak's interest in the folk music of America in the late 1800's is clearly demonstrated in this album.

JAZZ. Riverside Records' **POP COMPOSERS SERIES** (#3514-3519) puts to jazz the works of Irving Berlin, Harold Arlen, George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter and Richard Rodgers. Some of the all-time favorites of each of these masters are featured in a completely new style.

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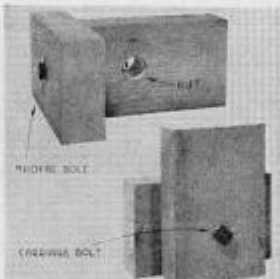
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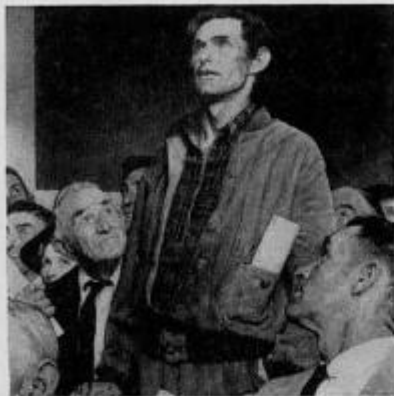
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BOYS' LIFE for MAY, 1963



INDIAN FEATHER LANGUAGE

By WILLARD AND ELMA WALTNER

TATANKA WANGILA (One Bull) sat cross-legged in his tepee in the camp of his uncle, the great medicine man Sitting Bull. Suddenly the calm of the afternoon was shattered by a frantic shout as Fat Bear came panting into camp, calling out that soldiers were galloping up on the opposite side of the river.

As One Bull dashed out of the tepee a volley of shots rang out and he saw that the soldiers had crossed the Little Big Horn and were headed toward the camp at a dead gallop. With his tomahawk in his hand he ran to the spot where his horse was picketed, mounted and rode off toward the river bank timber where the attacking soldiers were firing volley after volley.

True to Sitting Bull's prediction, the soldiers were all killed and after sundown One Bull joined the other braves in the nightlong Victory War Dance, still brandishing his tomahawk. His war shield was now adorned with three white feathers from which the tips had been clipped. Each feather designated one of the three soldiers that he had killed.

Mementos of the heyday of the Dakota Sioux can now be seen in the Sioux Indian Museum at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The feathers look somewhat bedraggled and rather the worse for wear. Some are so frowzy and jagged that it would appear that mice had been "feathering" their nests. This is not the case. Those feathers had an old look even when they were new. They are chopped off, split, and fringed with a purpose. Each mutilated feather tells a story to those who know Indian feather language, for it is a record of some particular act of courage or success in war—and some marks of happenings that were less than successful. A red feather conveyed the message that the wearer had been wounded by the enemy. However, a red feather with a horsehair tip proclaimed that the enemy had been killed. A split feather told all that the wearer had suffered many wounds.

On the plus side, a white feather meant that the enemy had been killed. If the tip was slashed off, feather language translated, read "cut enemy's throat." If the web was notched in addition, the interpretation was "scalped enemy."

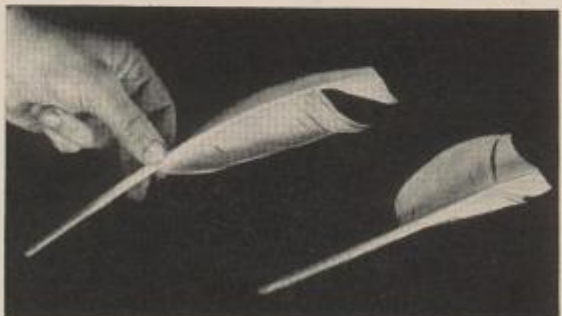
Though the one who killed the enemy claimed first honors, the next braves to strike him could also wear marked feathers. There was a certain designation for each "strike" as far as the fifth.

The marked feathers were proudly worn at council gatherings much as military medals are worn on dress occasions in our present day.

The feather language was "translated" by the bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution in its annual report for 1882-83. Members of the bureau had visited the Sioux tribes at that time and obtained the meanings of the ways in which feathers were cut from the chiefs who were well versed in the "language." The next time you visit your favorite museum, give close attention to the war bonnets and coupsticks, bustles, and shield covers that are on display.



Feathers were sometimes painted. A spot on the larger web near the tip meant that the wearer had killed an enemy. A notch in the larger web declared that an enemy's throat had been cut and his scalp taken.



Cutting the tip off a feather was another method of indicating that the enemy's throat was cut. If the feather was notched in addition to cutting off the tip, it meant that the enemy had also been scalped.



A red feather told that the wearer had been wounded by the enemy. A feather that was split down the center rib proclaimed "many wounds." A horsehair tip on the red feather indicated the enemy had been killed.



This feather-adorned shield cover was of buffalo hide over a metal disk. Numerous valiant deeds are designated by the marked feathers like the "chopped off" one in the hand, telling that a throat was cut.



Georgia Giant Value No. 226.
Boy's 8-inch Western Rawhide Boot
with Neoprene wedge sole.
Write for latest catalog.

GEORGIA GIANT

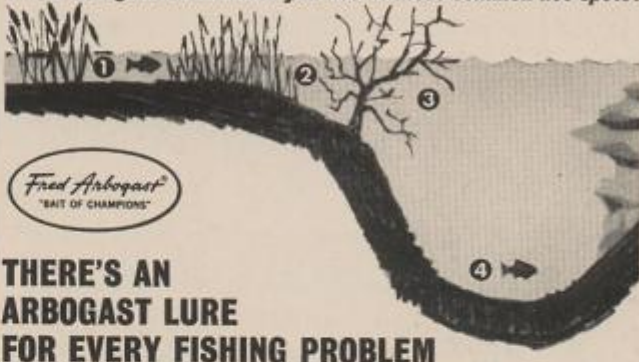
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Georgia Giant boots go over big with "young actioners" because they match your activities with rugged endurance... offer the manly pride you take in a real manly boot... and the giant value to put it in a special class. Look for the Georgia Giant from now on.

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of Work and Sport Shoes and Boots

Which Arbogast Lures would you use at these common hot-spots?



**THERE'S AN
ARBAGAST LURE
FOR EVERY FISHING PROBLEM**

- 

1 SHALLOW LAGOONS—Use the Arbogast Jitterbug. This noisy surface lure's erratic wobbling action is ideally suited to shallow water—and big fish! Retrieve in stop-and-go twitches. 1 1/4, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 1 1/2 oz.; \$1.50 to \$2.00.



2 POCKETS IN LILY PADS AND WEEDS—Drop a Hula Popper. It's lightly, then just give it a twitch. Combination of action and noise makes it "top" for the big ones here. 1 1/4, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 1 1/2 oz.; \$1.55 to \$1.75.
- 

3 HEAVY BRUSH AND COVER—Shallow running wendless No. 2 Hawaiian Wiggler goes through obstructions easily. Hula Shirt gives life-like action. Retrieve slowly and pump rod for best results. 1 1/4, 1 1/2 oz.; \$1.25.



4 DEEP HOLES—NEW! Arbogast's new Lil Bass is an actual reproduction of a lingering bass. Head plate pulls it deep, where the big ones live, gives a natural swimming action. Body of soft, life-like vinyl. 1 1/4 oz.; \$1.25.



FREE—Write for full color 1963 Arbogast Catalog. It's loaded with fishing tips.

FRED ARBAGAST COMPANY, INC.
324 West North Street, Akron 3, Ohio

JUNE

Program Suggestions

CUB SCOUT THEME—"Things that Go." This theme provides projects and informal activities for boys to do in their neighborhoods.

DEN ACTIVITIES—Have materials for several kinds of simple kites that boys can make and fly. Provide samples.

As another den activity have a mystery trip. Boys come dressed for an outing with sandwiches and travel fare. Visit a place that has something to do with the theme—an airport, a shipyard, etc. As an additional den activity make gliders and rubber-band boats. Follow up with a safety-swim outing.

AT HOME—Parents can help their son put the finishing touches on his kite, glider, toy boats, etc. See "Cub Corner" page 59; "Motorized Bugs that Go" page 74; Cub Kite, page 34.

PACK MEETING—Try a kite derby. Cubs have contests to determine the most colorful, largest, smallest, most original kites. They try to see who can fly the highest kite, who can get his kite highest off the ground after a hundred yard dash, etc. See "Fly A Kite" page 15.

TIMELY REPRINT BOOKLET—Nature Hobbies and Activities, BL-94.

BOY SCOUT THEME—"Natural Resources." Highlight—conservation camp.

ADVANCEMENT SKILLS—Work on conservation skills. Consider Forestry, Soil and Water Conservation, and Wildlife Management as possible merit badges.

TROOP AND PATROL MEETINGS—Make ready for long-term summer camp. Meetings should take the form of field trips with a conservation expert or forester to manage timber plots, flood control areas, highway construction cuts, etc. Conduct a troop conservation project.

HIKES—On hikes become familiar with tools necessary for conservation project. As a conservation Good Turn visit Scout camp and help get it ready for the summer. See "Lend a Helping Hand," page 36.

TIMELY REPRINT BOOKLETS—Hiking and Camping Equipment, BL-42; Pioneering, BL-44; Fishing, BL-45, 20 cents each. Reprints, Boys' Life, New Brunswick, N.J.

EXPLORER ACTIVITIES—Explorer units have seasonal activities that might be of interest to your group.

TRAIN IN WATER SAFETY—Work to qualify as a Ready Unit by training in water safety and rescue techniques.

FLAG SERVICE FOR SPONSORS—Many sponsors have need for the American flag on their premises or at their meet-

ings. As a service project uniformed Explorers can show their sponsors how to display and show respect for our flag.

TOUGHEN UP—Try a muscle-building activity to help Explorers improve their speed, endurance and coordination. Draw ideas from Fit for Tomorrow, Cat. 3188.

PROGRAM HELPS—More information about these activities is in Chapter 1 of the Exploring manual and the summer Explorer Program Quarterly. For Outdoor adventure see "White-Water Wizards," page 12; "Explorer Olympics," page 38. Vocational area: "The Man Who Invented Tomorrow."

TIMELY REPRINT BOOKLETS—Swimming and Waterfront Activities, BL-37; Boats and Canoes, BL-38; Toughen Up, BL-46. 20 cents each. Reprints, Boys' Life, New Brunswick, N.J.

WHAT'S NEW FROM HQ

Whittling is a favorite pastime with many people. If you'd like to learn how to whittle neckerchief slides to dress up your uniform or to put on a display, *Slides of the Month*, BL-81, is the booklet you'll want.

SLIDES OF THE MONTH



There are 87 slides to choose from. Among them are the Pueblo Indian Drum, the Bloodhound, the African Masai Shield, the Giant Titanus Beetle, the "Gooneybird"—some easy to make, others that require real skill.

If you're interested send 20 cents to Reprints, Boys' Life, New Brunswick, N.J. Ask for BL-81.

FLY THE FLAG DAYS

May 12—Mother's Day
May 30—Memorial Day
June 14—Flag Day
June 16—Father's Day

FOR YOUR CALENDAR

June 15—National Charter Day
June 28-29—Shavuot

FOR PROGRAM PLANNERS

This chart points out features which supplement general program and themes. The Cub Scout theme for June is "Things That Go." The Boy Scout theme for June is "Natural Resources."

		Cub Scouts			Boy Scouts			Explorers								
Page	TITLE	May Program	Electives	Achievements	May Program	Second Class	First Class	General Scouting	Merit Badge	Outdoor	Social	Service	Vocational	Citizenship	Personal Fitness	General Exploring
8	Hobby Hous															
12	White-Water Wizards															
15	Fly a Kite															
18	The Man Who Invented Tomorrow															
27	A Few Words From the Chief															
34	Cub Kite															
35	Slide of the Month															
36	Lend a Helping Hand															
38	Explorer Olympics															
40	Let's Do it the Easy Way															
44	Let's Protect Our Hawks and Owls															
52	Scratchin' Post															
53	The Universal Amusement															
58	Cub Scout Bank															
59	Cub Corner															
60	Platter Chatter															
62	Indian Feather Language															
65	About the New Books															
66	Program Planners															
70	The Colonists Defend their Rights															
71	Poisonous Snakes															
74	Motorized Bugs that Go															
76	Scouts in Action															
77	Stamps and Coins															
79	Build Your Own Collecting Net															
80	Show Off Your Collection															

PEE WEE HARRIS

ORIGINATED BY PERCY K. FITZHUGH





CAIN and ABEL



THE FIRST SON BORN TO ADAM AND EVE AFTER THEY WERE EXPELLED FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN, THEY NAMED CAIN. THEIR NEXT SON THEY NAMED ABEL.

CAIN BECAME A FARMER AND ABEL A SHEPHERD.

AT HARVEST TIME, CAIN BROUGHT AN OFFERING OF THE FRUITS OF THE GROUND TO THE LORD. ABEL ALSO BROUGHT AN OFFERING OF THE FIRST OF HIS FLOCK.

GOD ACCEPTED ABEL'S OFFERING, BUT HE REFUSED CAIN'S.

THIS MADE CAIN ANGRY AND JEALOUS OF HIS BROTHER. AND THE LORD SAID TO HIM, "WHY ART THOU WROTH? IF THOU DOEST WELL, SHALT THOU NOT BE ACCEPTED? AND IF THOU DOEST NOT WELL, SIN LIETH AT THE DOOR."

BUT CAIN CONTINUED TO BROOD WITH ANGER AND ENVY AGAINST HIS BROTHER ABEL.

SUDDENLY HE STOLE UP TO ABEL AND KILLED HIM WITH A HEAVY CLUB.

WHEN THE LORD ASKED CAIN WHERE ABEL WAS, CAIN REPLIED, "I KNOW NOT: AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?" THEN THE LORD SAID, "WHAT HAST THOU DONE? THE VOICE OF THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH UNTO ME FROM THE GROUND."

AND THE LORD CURSED CAIN AND TOLD HIM THAT THE GROUND HE TILLED WOULD NOT YIELD ITS FRUIT TO HIM AND HE WOULD BE A FUGITIVE AND A VAGABOND IN THE EARTH.

THEN CAIN CRIED OUT, "MY PUNISHMENT IS MORE THAN I CAN BEAR...EVERY ONE THAT FINDETH ME SHALL SLAY ME."

THE LORD ANSWERED HIM, SAYING THAT WHOEVER SLEW CAIN WOULD BE PUNISHED SEVENFOLD. THE LORD PUT A MARK ON CAIN LEST ANYONE FINDING HIM SHOULD KILL HIM.

THEN CAIN FLED TO THE LAND OF NOD WHICH LIES TO THE EAST OF EDEN.

(GENESIS, CHAPTER 4)



SPACE CONQUERORS!

by AL STENZEL

THE THREE ASTRONAUTS LAND THEIR STAR-DRIVE SPACESHIP ON MARS AS ORDERED BY TERRA-BASE. A CAR SPEEDS THEM TO THE BUREAU OF GALACTIC ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY IN MARTROPOLIS, THE NEW CITY ON THE RED COLORED PLANET.



I CAN'T FIGURE WHY BOGAB WANTS US. THE BUREAU HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE STAR-DRIVE!

THE HEAD OF THE BUREAU QUICKLY EXPLAINS... WE HAVE SEEN THE REPORTS ON YOUR EXPERIENCES WITH THE NEW STAR-DRIVE WHICH CARRIES YOUR SPACESHIP INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION OF TIME...

OH, OH! I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA.

SOMETHING TELLS ME THE WORD "VOLUNTEER" IS COMING NEXT!



THAT'S RIGHT, GENTLEMEN. WHAT I AM PROPOSING, WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE SPACE AGENCY, IS ENTIRELY VOLUNTARY ON YOUR PART. BRIEFLY, ANOTHER SPACE-TIME EXPERIMENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

AND YOU WANT US TO GIVE UP OUR LEAVE AND SHOVE OFF AGAIN?

YOU REALIZE THAT THE STAR-DRIVE IS STILL EXPERIMENTAL AND...

AND WE KNOW PRACTICALLY NOTHING ABOUT THE FOURTH DIMENSION.



THEY DRIVE OUT TO THE RADIO-TELESCOPE STATION.

WE HAVE BEEN RECEIVING SIGNALS FROM A DISTANT GALAXY THAT ARE SO DIFFERENT FROM THE USUAL SPACE PULSES THAT WE ARE POSITIVE THEY CONSTITUTE A MESSAGE FROM INTELLIGENT BEINGS. THINK WHAT IT WOULD MEAN IF WE COULD CONTACT THEM!

SO YOU WANT TO GO THERE!

WE'LL NEED SOME TIME TO CHECK OVER THE SHIP.



EXPERTS ARE ROCKETED TO MARS FROM EARTH TO GO OVER THE SPACESHIP AND ITS STAR-DRIVE. THE CREW STUDY THE LATEST STAR CHARTS. FUEL, FOOD AND EQUIPMENT FOR A LONG JOURNEY ARE LOADED. FINALLY THE GALAXY-1 IS READY FOR TAKE-OFF. RISING SMOOTHLY ABOVE MARS ON ITS ION ENGINES, THE SHIP SPEEDILY REACHES OUTER SPACE. THEN THE STAR-DRIVE IS ACTIVATED AND THE SHIP SHIMMERS INTO THE GRAY SILENCE OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION...TIME.

2062



WE SEEM TO BE STANDING STILL IN A GRAY MIST OF NOTHINGNESS!

IT'S A STRANGE ILLUSION. SPEED AND DISTANCE SEEM TO WARP WITH NO REGARD FOR TIME AS WE FIGURE IT IN OUR THREE DIMENSION WORLD.

TONO

A FIRE WOULD BE OF MUCH COMFORT.

AYE, BUT IT WOULD ALSO ATTRACT POSSIBLE ENEMIES!



TONO AND HIS COMPANIONS SHIVER IN A CAVE AS NIGHT FALLS ON THE PACIFIC ISLAND OF FATU HIVA IN THE MARQUESAS GROUP.

THE MOON RISES, FULL, AND THE RHYTHMIC BEAT OF A DRUM, PULSES THROUGH THE NIGHT'S STILLNESS.

LISTEN! WAR DRUM!

NAY-TIS A DANCE DRUM.

NO! NO! THAT DRUM SPEAKS IN ANGER!



SUDDENLY A FIGURE STUMBLES DOWN THE HILLSIDE AND FALLS TO THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE CAVE.



HE CAN FLEE NO FARTHER FROM WHOEVER IS CHASING HIM!

HARK! SHOUTS! THE HUNTERS DRAW NEAR!



TONO AND JANAM RUSH OUT AND DRAG THE FUGITIVE INTO THE CAVE. A FEW MINUTES LATER HIS PURSUERS POUND PAST, SHOUTING AND BRANDISHING SPEARS.



THE SOUNDS OF THE CHASE FADE AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE. THE EXHAUSTED STRANGER SLEEPS AS ONE DEAD. WHEN DAWN BREAKS TONO AND THE OTHERS GATHER FRUIT WHICH THEY SHARE WITH HIM. BY SIGNS HE MAKES THEM UNDERSTAND THAT THEY SHOULD ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND WITH HIM. MAKING THEIR WAY CAREFULLY TO A NEARBY BEACH, THEY DRAG A CANOE OUT FROM ITS HIDING PLACE IN THE BUSHES AND PADDOLE OFF IN THE DIRECTION HE INDICATES.

2060



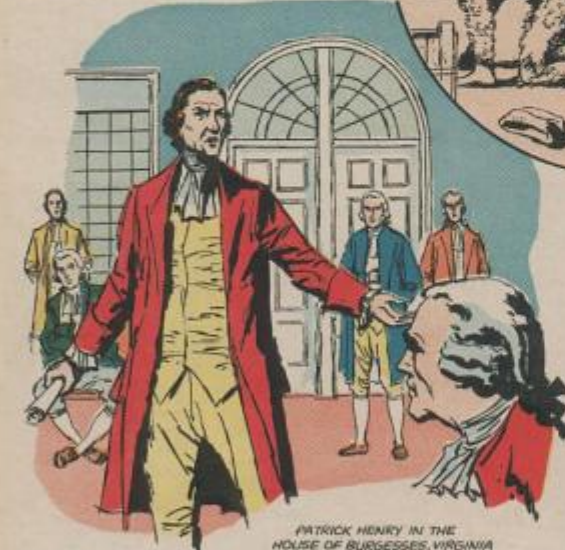


THE COLONISTS DEFEND THEIR RIGHTS.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR (1755-1763) PUT A HEAVY BURDEN ON BRITISH TAXPAYERS. ENGLAND HAD WON THE WAR AND GAINED VAST NEW TERRITORIES, BUT AT A GREAT COST. NOW PERMANENT MILITARY GARRISONS HAD TO BE SUPPORTED TO PROTECT THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS.

TO RAISE MONEY, THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT UNDER THE PRODDING OF SIR GEORGE GRENVILLE PASSED THE "SUGAR ACT" IN 1764. THEN, FINDING THIS WAS NOT SUFFICIENT, THE "STAMP ACT" A YEAR LATER. IT REQUIRED THE COLONIES TO PAY DUTIES ON PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING, AROUSING AN IMMEDIATE PROTEST IN THE COLONIES.

SOCIETIES KNOWN AS THE "SONS OF LIBERTY" SPRANG UP. OFFICES OF STAMP AGENTS WERE RAIDED. STAMPS WERE BURNED IN THE STREET.



PATRICK HENRY IN THE HOUSE OF BURGESS, VIRGINIA



(FROM AN ENGLISH CARTOON "BOSTONIANS TRYING THE EXCISEMAN NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS")

THE VIRGINIA HOUSE OF BURGESS, UNDER PATRICK HENRY'S PRODDING, PASSED RESOLUTIONS DECLARING THAT SUCH ATTEMPTS TO TAX VIRGINIANS WERE "ILLEGAL, UNCONSTITUTIONAL, AND UNJUST." MASSACHUSETTS INVITED THE LEGISLATURES OF ALL THE COLONIES TO SEND DELEGATES TO A "STAMP ACT CONGRESS" IN NEW YORK CITY TO FORM A PLAN OF PROTEST. TWENTY-SEVEN DELEGATES FROM NINE COLONIES ATTENDED.

A NUMBER OF RESOLUTIONS WERE ADOPTED, THE THREE MOST NOTED CONCERNED "TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION..."

"III. THAT IT IS ESSENTIAL TO THE FREEDOM OF A PEOPLE, AND THE UNDOUBTED RIGHT OF ENGLISHMEN, THAT NO TAXES BE IMPOSED ON THEM BUT WITH THEIR OWN CONSENT..."

"IV. THAT THE PEOPLE OF THESE COLONIES ARE NOT...AND CANNOT BE REPRESENTED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN GREAT BRITAIN."

"V. THAT THE ONLY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE OF THESE COLONIES ARE PERSONS CHOSEN BY THEMSELVES, AND THAT NO TAXES...CAN BE IMPOSED ON THEM, EXCEPT BY THEIR LEGISLATURES."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE DECLARATIONS IS THAT THEY WERE THE FIRST CONCERTED ACTION BY THE COLONIES AGAINST ENGLAND AND FOSTERED THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

A PERIOD OF CALM WAS SOON BROKEN WHEN PARLIAMENT PASSED THE "TEA ACT," GRANTING THE EAST INDIA COMPANY A MONOPOLY ON ALL TEA EXPORTED TO THE COLONIES. REACTION WAS VIOLENT. IN 1773 AT BOSTON A BAND OF MEN DISGUISED AS INDIANS BOARDED THREE SHIPS AND DUMPED CARGOES OF TEA INTO THE HARBOR.

PARLIAMENT REACTED BY IMPOSING THE FIVE PUNITIVE, "INTOLERABLE ACTS." NOW THE THIRTEEN COLONIES WERE REALLY PROVOKED. THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED. THOMAS JEFFERSON WROTE INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DELEGATES TITLED, "A SUMMARY VIEW OF THE RIGHTS OF BRITISH AMERICA," THE BOLDEST DECLARATION OF AMERICAN RIGHTS YET WRITTEN. HE DENIED PARLIAMENT'S CONTROL OVER THE COLONIES AND LISTED GRIEVANCES AGAINST KING GEORGE III (WHICH APPEARED LATER IN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE). HE FURTHER DECLARED, "THE GOD WHO GAVE US LIFE GAVE US LIBERTY AT THE SAME TIME; THE HAND OF FORCE MAY DESTROY, BUT CANNOT DISJOIN THEM."

NEXT TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE THIS WAS JEFFERSON'S GREATEST LITERARY CONTRIBUTION TO THE SOON-TO-COME AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



THOMAS JEFFERSON, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART

MOST SNAKES ARE HARMLESS AND BENEFICIAL TO US AND SHOULD NOT BE DESTROYED. BUT LEARN TO IDENTIFY AND KEEP CLEAR OF THE ONLY FOUR

POISONOUS SNAKES

FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES.

WATER MOCCASIN
(OR COTTON MOUTH)



THE BLACK PORTIONS OF THE SMALL MAPS SHOW WHERE THESE SNAKES ARE FOUND.

RATTLESNAKE
(OF WHICH THERE ARE 22 VARIETIES)



COPPERHEAD



CORAL SNAKE



GILA MONSTER
OUR ONLY POISONOUS LIZARD.



ALL BUT THE CORAL SNAKE HAVE TRIANGULAR SHAPED HEADS—THE GENERAL IDENTIFICATION OF A POISONOUS SNAKE.

BOTH HARMLESS AND POISONOUS SNAKES ARE APT TO STRIKE IF CORNERED. THE BITE OF A HARMLESS SNAKE NEEDS ONLY ORDINARY FIRST AID FOR WOUNDS, BUT THAT OF A POISONOUS ONE IS SERIOUS. WHEN HIKING, BE PREPARED. CARRY AN OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT SNAKE BITE KIT ALONG, OR, A RAZOR BLADE, A PIECE OF RUBBER TUBING, AND A RUBBER SUCTION CUP.

FIRST AID IN SNAKE BITE

1 IN POISONOUS SNAKE BITE, SWELLING STARTS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. TIE A CONstriction BAND AROUND THE LIMB TO PREVENT POISON FROM GETTING TO HEART.



2 OPEN UP THE TWO FANG MARKS WITH SHALLOW CUTS, USING RAZOR BLADE OR KNIFE POINT. 3 START SUCTION WITH RUBBER SUCTION CUP OR WITH YOUR LIPS.



2084

Advertisement

HEY GUYS!

Now you can get Strombecker's official 1/32 scale model of the famous Agajanian Willard Battery Special No. 98 . . .

for only **\$100**



Parnelli Jones in the

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available in a 1/32 scale **STROMBECKER** model kit.

What A Car!

Strombecker's 1/32 scale model is an exact replica—detailed down to the very trends on the tires. The big Agajanian Willard kit, including racing driver and authentic speedway decals, is a great car for your collection . . . and it can be motorized for exciting slot racing!

Fastest car ever at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the Agajanian Willard Battery Special No. 98, with Parnelli Jones at the wheel, set a blistering speed of 150.270 mph in qualifying for the 1962 Indianapolis "500." One of the great racing machines ever to run in the USAC championship circuit . . . and

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Just stop at a Willard Battery Dealer with your parents, and ask for the free Agajanian Willard Battery certificate. Fill it out, add a dollar, and mail. Your kit will be sent to you immediately. Hurry! Send for your Agajanian Willard Battery racer today!



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You can own the famous Strombecker-Willard Indianapolis 5/1 Racing Set, a \$43.00 value, for only **\$20.00**

Set comes ready to race with Agajanian Willard Battery Special No. 98 and Leader-Card Roadster racers, individual speed controls, powerful dual-output power-pack, chicane obstacle track, automatic lap counter, pit garage kit, 6 track-side figures, and enough track to build 5 track layouts. Get full information from your nearest Willard Battery dealer.



HEAR THE INDIANAPOLIS "500"

Listen to the thrilling Indianapolis "500" race on Memorial Day, May 30—sponsored by Willard Battery Dealers—live over a coast to coast radio network.



THE 7 WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

IF YOU WERE ON A SIGHT-SEEING TRIP IN ANCIENT GREECE AROUND 100 B.C., YOU WOULD PROBABLY BUY A GUIDE BOOK IN WHICH WOULD BE LISTED THE SEVEN WORKS OF ART WHICH WERE CONSIDERED THE MOST WONDERFUL AT THAT TIME BECAUSE OF THEIR BEAUTY AND SIZE. THE LIST WAS MADE UP BY ANTIPATER OF SIDON. HERE THEY ARE:



THE **PYRAMIDS** OF GIZA IN EGYPT. THE FIRST ONE CALLED THE GREAT PYRAMID WAS BUILT BY THE PHARAOH KNUFU IN 4700 B.C. THE SECOND WAS BUILT BY HIS SON, KHAFFA IN 4600 B.C., THE THIRD WAS BUILT IN 4550 B.C. BY MENKAURA.



THE STATUE OF **ZEUS** (OR JUPITER) AT OLYMPIA BY THE SCULPTOR PHEIDIAS AROUND 400 B.C. THE HUGE, SEATED FIGURE WAS CARVED IN IVORY AND GOLD WITH FIERY, PRECIOUS STONES FOR EYES. FIRE DESTROYED IT IN A.D. 476.



THE **COLOSSUS** AT RHODES WAS A GIGANTIC BRONZE STATUE OF THE SUN-GOD HELIOS HOLDING A BEACON LIGHT. THE SCULPTOR WAS CHARES OF LINDUS. IT WAS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SO HUGE THAT SHIPS COULD SAIL BETWEEN ITS STRADDLED LEGS. AN EARTHQUAKE DESTROYED IT ABOUT 224 B.C.



ANOTHER BEACON WAS CALLED THE **PHAROS** OF ALEXANDRIA BUILT BY SOSISTRATUS OF CNIDUS IN THE REIGN OF PTOLEMY II (283-246 B.C.) ITS LIGHT GUIDED SEAMEN FOR SOME 1500 YEARS. THIS BEACON TOOK ITS NAME FROM THE SMALL ISLAND ON WHICH IT WAS BUILT. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN 400 FEET HIGH. IT, TOO, WAS DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE IN THE 14TH CENTURY.

THE **TEMPLE OF DIANA** AT ATHENS COVERED NEARLY TWO ACRES. THE TOWERING 45-FOOT FIGURE OF DIANA WAS ALSO THE WORK OF THE SCULPTOR, PHEIDIAS. THE ONLY RECORD OF THIS WORK EXTANT ARE FOUND ON A FEW COINS OF ELIS.



THE **MAUSOLEUM** AT HALICARNASSUS ERECTED ABOUT 350 B.C. IN MEMORY OF MAUSOLUS, KING OF CARIA. AT THE TOP WAS A GIGANTIC CHARIOT DRAWN BY FOUR SPIRITED HORSES.



THE **HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON** WERE SAID TO HAVE BEEN BUILT BY QUEEN SEMIRAMIS, AN ASSYRIAN PRINCESS AROUND 800 B.C. SHE WAS THE LEGENDARY DAUGHTER OF THE FISH-GODDESS, ATARGATIS.

7 DISCOVERIES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

MANY PERSONS HAVE TRIED TO LIST THE MOST SIGNIFICANT AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES OR INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN OF THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO MANKIND. NATURALLY THE LISTS VARY, BUT HERE ARE SEVEN THAT WOULD CERTAINLY BE ON EVERYONE'S...



THE DISCOVERY OF **METALS** AND **METALLURGY** LIFTED PRIMITIVE MAN OUT OF THE STONE AGE OPENING THE DOOR TO ALL THE WONDERS OF OUR MODERN WORLD.

NO ONE KNOWS HOW LONG AGO IN THE DIM PAST MAN DISCOVERED HOW TO KINDLE **FIRE**. IT GAVE HIM LIGHT, WARMTH, COOKED FOOD AND FIRE HARDENED WOODEN TOOLS AND WEAPONS.



THE **WHEEL** WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES. WITHOUT WHEELS OUR INDUSTRIAL WORLD COULD NOT OPERATE.



WRITING ENABLED MEN TO HAND DOWN KNOWLEDGE TO EACH SUCCEEDING GENERATION. MOST SCIENTISTS, TODAY, AGREE THAT WRITING WAS FIRST DEVELOPED IN SOUTHERN MESOPOTAMIA, AMONG THE SUMERIANS OF THE LATE PREHISTORIC PERIOD.



AGRICULTURE...THE DISCOVERY OF HOW TO GROW HIS OWN FOOD AND TO DOMESTICATE CERTAIN ANIMALS LED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF TRADE, SCIENCE AND ART. NO LONGER NEED EVERYONE SPEND ALL HIS TIME OBTAINING FOOD AND CLOTHING.



THE DISCOVERY OF HOW TO RECORD THE PASSING OF **TIME** WAS A GREAT STEP FORWARD IN MAN'S PROGRESS. THE FIRST SUNDIALS MUST HAVE BEEN PATTERNED AFTER THE SHIFTING SHADOWS OF TREES AS THE SUN CREPT SLOWLY ACROSS THE SKY.



MATHEMATICS BEGAN WHEN EARLY MAN FIRST LEARNED TO COUNT. WE USE MATHEMATICS ALMOST EVERY MOMENT OF OUR LIVES. IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL TO ALL SCIENCE. IT MAY SEEM STRANGE TO THINK OF PEOPLE NOT BEING ABLE TO COUNT, BUT THERE ARE PRIMITIVE TRIBES TODAY WHO HAVE A WORD FOR "ONE" AND ANOTHER FOR "MANY" FOR ALL NUMBERS OVER "ONE".

VERY FEW DISCOVERIES AND PRACTICALLY NO INVENTIONS ARE THE RESULT OF ANY ONE MAN'S WORK. THEY ARE THE CULMINATIONS OF EXPERIMENTS AND DEVELOPMENTS OF MANY, MANY OTHER MEN OVER CENTURIES OF TIME.

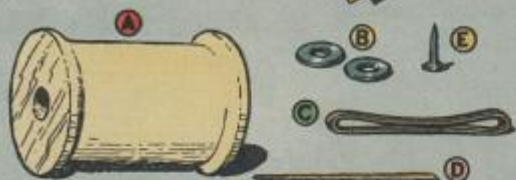
DO YOU AGREE THAT THE SEVEN DISCOVERIES PICTURED HERE ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT?

WHAT OTHERS WOULD YOU ADD...OR WHICH WOULD YOU CROSS OUT?

THINK ABOUT IT!

MOTORIZED BUGS THAT GO!

AND A TURTLE



FOR THE MOTOR YOU'LL NEED... **(A)** LARGE SPOOL $1\frac{3}{4}$ " LONG WITH A DIAMETER OF $1\frac{1}{16}$ "... **(B)** TWO WASHERS... **(C)** A THICK RUBBER BAND THE SAME LENGTH AS THE SPOOL OR SLIGHTLY SMALLER... **(D)** A TOOTHPICK... **(E)** A SMALL NAIL (OR SMALL SCREW).

PUT THE MOTOR TOGETHER THIS WAY... PUSH THE RUBBER BAND THROUGH THE SPOOL OPENING... DRIVE NAIL **(E)** INTO SPOOL END TO HOLD ONE END OF RUBBER BAND **(C)**. PUSH RUBBER BAND THROUGH WASHERS **(B)** AND SECURE THE RUBBER BAND IN PLACE WITH THE TOOTHPICK **(D)**. SCRAPE PAPER OFF SPOOL ENDS AND WAX LIGHTLY FOR EASY SPIN.

YOU "POWER" THE MOTOR BY WINDING UP THE RUBBER BAND WITH THE TOOTHPICK. WHEN IT'S WOUND, SET THE SPOOL ON THE FLOOR AND LET IT GO.

TO MAKE THE BASIC BODY SHELL....



MAKE A FRAME LIKE THIS¹ USING BELL WIRE... MIX FLOUR AND WATER (OR WALLPAPER PASTE) TO THE CONSISTENCY OF HEAVY CREAM, USING A SHALLOW PAN WHICH CAN EASILY BE CLEANED WITH PLAIN WATER LATER.

TEAR STRIPS OF NEWSPAPER (ABOUT AN INCH WIDE AND 4-5 INCHES LONG). SATURATE THESE STRIPS IN THE PASTE AND LAY OVER WIRE FRAME MAKING A HOLLOW SHELL. USE AS FEW STRIPS AS YOU CAN TO KEEP THE SHELL LIGHT IN WEIGHT. LET DRY FOR ABOUT 48 HOURS.



LET THE TOP BE AS ROUGH AS IT WILL, BUT THE BOTTOM RIM MUST BE AS SMOOTH AS IT'S POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT.



SMOOTH RIM² SO IT WILL SLIDE ALONG EASILY.

YOU CAN HAVE RACES BY RUNNING YOUR SPOOL "MOTOR" AS IT IS, BUT IT'S MORE FUN TO PUT "BODIES" OVER THEM. AND WATCH THEM GO. MAKE THE "BODIES" AND WHEN THEY ARE ALL COMPLETED AND DRY, WIND UP THE "MOTOR", COVER IT WITH A "BODY"—AND LET IT GO. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT DIRECTION IT'LL TAKE —BUT THAT'S THE FUN!



NOW, TO COMPLETE THE "BODY SHELLS" AND TURN THEM INTO AMUSING CREATURES.

TURTLE: MAKE TWO HEADS OUT OF PAPER LIKE THIS, PASTE TOGETHER LEAVING "WINGS" TO PASTE ONTO SHELL.

(COLOR BEFORE YOU CUT IT OUT)



(ACTUAL SIZE)

MAKE A TAIL THE SAME WAY. PASTE ONTO SHELL AND COLOR SHELL.



(ACTUAL SIZE)



DON'T TRY TO MAKE FEET—THEY'LL ONLY DRAG AND KEEP THE RASCAL FROM MOVING.

SPIDER:

USE THE SAME KIND OF BODY SHELL. PASTE ON PIPE CLEANERS FOR LEGS, BUTTONS FOR EYES.

KEEP LEGS FROM TOUCHING FLOOR SO THEY DON'T DRAG.



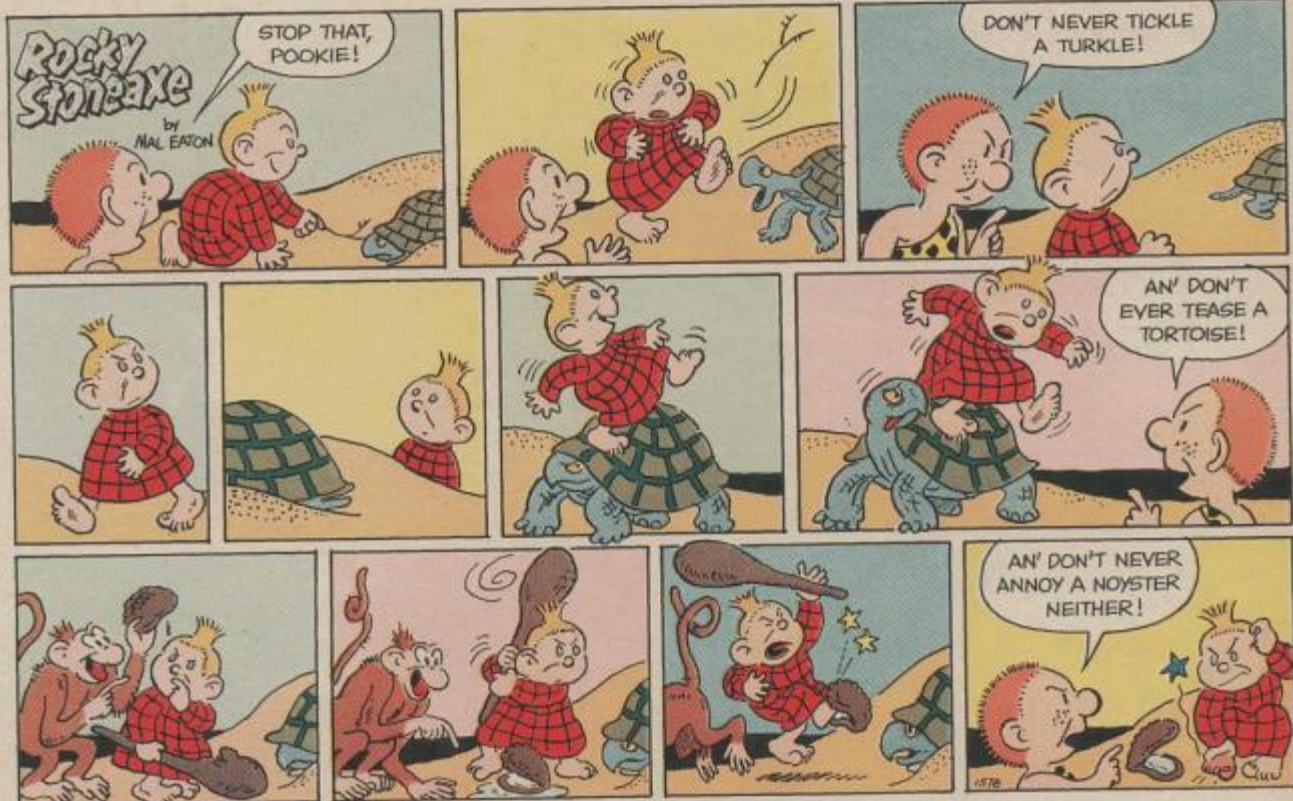
BEETLE: CUT OUT A PAIR OF WINGS, USE LIGHT PAPER OR WAX PAPER. MAKE THE FEELERS WITH PIPE CLEANERS, THE EYES ARE BUTTONS. PASTE ALL ON THE SAME SORT OF BODY SHELL YOU USED FOR THE OTHERS.



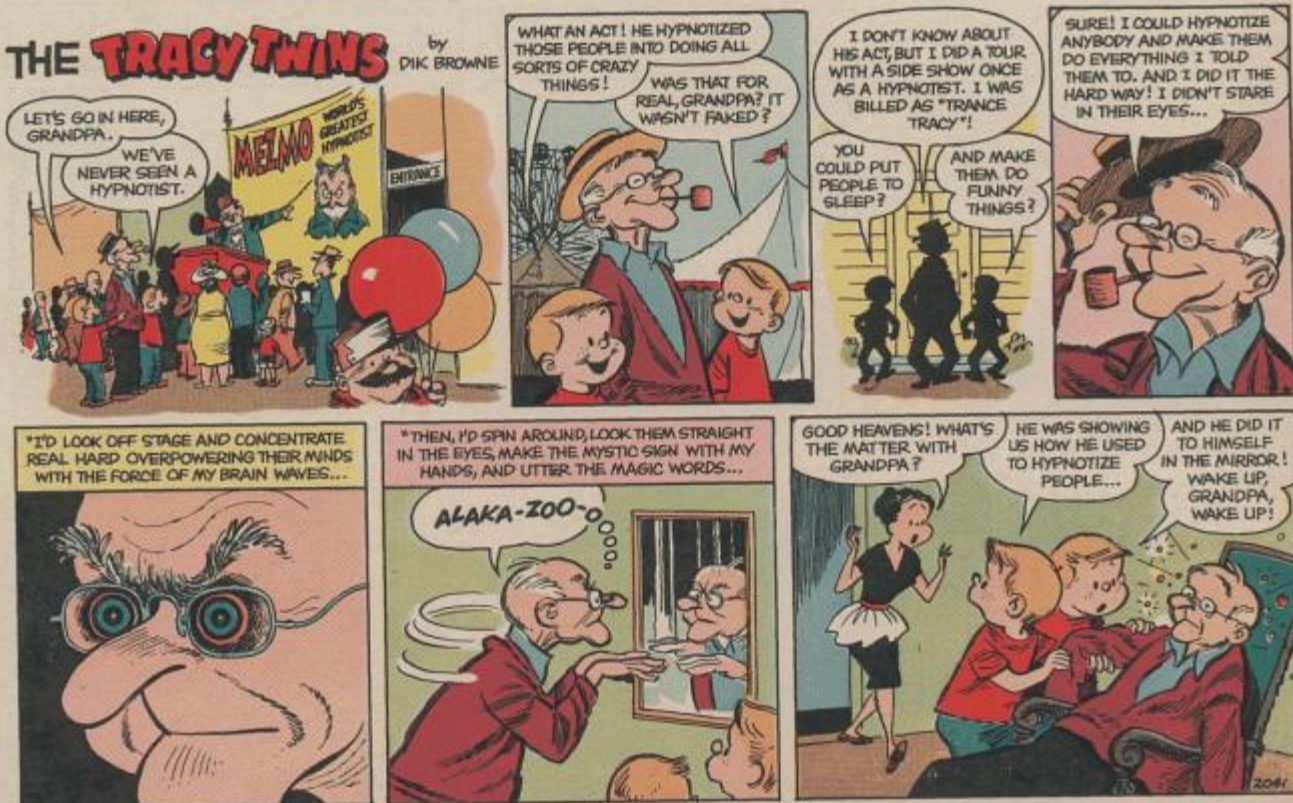
LADYBUG: GLUE ON HALF A PIPE CLEANER FOR EACH FEELER... GLUE ON BEADS FOR EYES. COLOR AS SHOWN. THIS, TOO, IS MADE BY USING THE SAME BODY SHELL CONSTRUCTION.



FOR COLORS, USE WATERCOLOR POSTER PAINT. THESE BODIES ARE NOT ATTACHED TO THE SPOOL MOTORS. YOU WIND THE MOTOR, PUT IT DOWN, SET THE BODY SHELL OVER IT... LET IT GO.



THE TRACY TWINS by DIK BROWNE



A TRUE STORY OF SCOUTS IN ACTION

by ALSTEN



ON APRIL 29, 1962, IN SHERMAN PARK, NORTH LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, A GROUP OF CHILDREN WERE PLAYING NEAR A POOL THAT WAS NOT YET OPEN FOR THE SEASON BUT HAD BEEN FILLED WITH WATER IN PREPARATION FOR THE OPENING.

SOME OF THE BOYS WERE THROWING STONES ACROSS THE POOL.

EIGHT-YEAR OLD DWIGHT HOWARD PICKED UP A LARGE STONE TO THROW.

WATCH ME THROW A BIG ONE ACROSS.

AW—YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



SOMEHOW, THE HEAVY STONE CAUSED HIM TO LOSE HIS BALANCE...



SAMUEL MARTIN, FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, HEARD THE YELLS OF THE OTHER CHILDREN AND RUSHED TO THE POOL. HE PULLED OFF HIS TENNIS SHOES AND JUMPED IN WHERE HE SAW BUBBLES APPEARING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.



ALTHOUGH THE WATER WAS MUDDY, SAMUEL LOCATED DWIGHT'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL WHERE IT WAS ABOUT 10-FEET DEEP. HE BROUGHT HIM TO THE SURFACE AND WITH THE HELP OF A FRIEND GOT HIM OUT OF THE POOL.



HE THEN GAVE THE BOY ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, CONTINUING FOR 15 TO 20 MINUTES. DWIGHT FINALLY REVIVED AND COULD BREATHE NORMALLY.



IT'S A GOOD THING YOU WERE NEARBY, SAM! WE COULDN'T EVEN SEE HIM AFTER HE FELL IN!

FOR HIS PROMPT AND EFFICIENT HANDLING OF THIS EMERGENCY SITUATION, SCOUT SAMUEL MARTIN WAS AWARDED THE CERTIFICATE OF MERIT BY THE NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.



SCOUT SAMUEL MARTIN IS A MEMBER OF TROOP 75, NORTH LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, SPONSORED BY THE GREATER SHILOH BAPTIST CHURCH.

LEARN HOW TO GIVE MOUTH-TO-MOUTH ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

YOU MAY SAVE A LIFE! REMEMBER, IF AN EMERGENCY ARISES DON'T QUIT TOO SOON BUT KEEP TRYING!



1

TILT VICTIM'S HEAD BACK SO THAT HIS CHIN IS POINTING UPWARD.



2

PULL HIS JAW TO A JUTTING-OUT POSITION. THIS MOVES THE BASE OF HIS TONGUE TO THE BACK OF HIS THROAT AND KEEPS THE AIRWAY OPEN.



3

PINCH HIS NOSTRILS—THIS KEEPS THE AIR YOU BLOW INTO HIS MOUTH FROM ESCAPING THROUGH HIS NOSE.

4

PLACE YOUR MOUTH TIGHTLY OVER THE VICTIM'S (WITH A YOUNG CHILD PLACE YOUR MOUTH OVER BOTH MOUTH AND NOSE). BLOW INTO MOUTH UNTIL YOU SEE HIS CHEST RISE. TURN YOUR HEAD TO GET ANOTHER BREATH AND TO LET AIR ESCAPE FROM HIS MOUTH. BLOW 12 BREATHES TO A MINUTE... 20 FOR A CHILD.



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Use pliers or vice to bend wire ends. Refer to diagram.



Cut grooves in the handle, drill holes. Pound wire in.



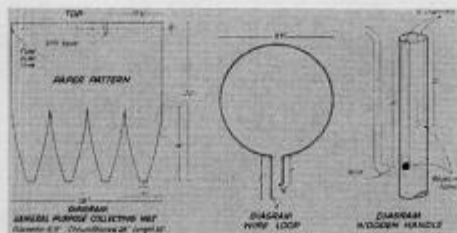
BUILD YOUR OWN COLLECTING NET

By JAMES MAXWELL

With 25 cents, some ingenuity and a little time you can take one of the most fascinating trips of your life—a journey into the world of the insect.

To build this net, buy one square yard of cheesecloth and lay out as shown in the diagram. To avoid wasting material, cut a paper pattern first. Join the edges and double sew the seams. The net loop is made of a 30-inch length of heavy steel wire. The base of a telephone pole makes a handy mold to form the loop. Use a vise or pliers to bend the ends.

A three-foot length of broomstick is an ideal handle. Notch simple receiving channels two- and three-inches long at one end. At the ends of the channels drill receiving holes slightly smaller than the wire. Place the net on the loop and pound the loop ends firmly into the receiving holes. Wrap the loop in place with light wire or tape.



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There were two microbes in the bloodstream of a horse, one in an artery and the other in a vein. One day they met in the horse's heart and decided to trade places. Two days later the horse died. This all goes to show that you shouldn't change streams in the middle of a horse.—Bob Hunter, Claremont, Calif.

Daffynishion: Square root—Diced beets.—Scott Peterson, Sunset, Utah.



Kevin: Why should soldiers be tired on the first of April?
Tim: I don't know, why?
Kevin: Because they just had a March of 31 days!—Kevin Kearney, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Joe: I'm feeling like a vegetable lately.
Mike: How's that?
Joe: I'm a little beat.—Joseph Miller, New York, N.Y.

Daffynishion: Budget—What one man can't do to a boulder.—Tom McFarland II, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q: What's the difference between a fish and a piano?
A: You can't tuna fish.—Louis Ramirez, Topeka, Kans.

A mother moth was shocked to find her baby crying. She exclaimed, "I've never seen a moth bawl."—Ralph Bordelon, Marksville, La.

Pete: What is the difference between a person who misses his train and a teacher at a girls' school?
Paul: I don't know. What?
Pete: One misses the train and the other trains the misses.—Mike Kenerson, Willowick, Ohio.

Q: A girl in the candy store was six feet tall and wore size ten shoes! What did she weigh?
A: Candy.—William Mallin, Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Daffynishion: Out of bounds—A tired kangaroo.—Paul Roberts, Duxbury, Mass.

Tom: What did the colt say when it was asked to make a speech?
Jack: I don't know.
Tom: You'll have to excuse me—I'm just a little hoarse.—Eric Carlson, Glastonbury, Conn.

Daffynishion: Double-decker bed—A lot of bunk.—Warren Silverstein, Bronx, N.Y.

Gay: What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?
Nancy: I don't know. What?
Gay: A centipede with sore feet.—Jimmy Wilkerson, Tampa, Fla.

Q: Why did the germ cross the microscope?
A: To get to the other slide.—Robert Smith, Struthers, Ohio.

Jack: Did you hear the story about the peacock?
Mack: No.
Jack: Ah! A beautiful tale.—Daniel Hassell, Rahway, N.J.

Daffynishion: Wooden nickel—Oaken token.—Marino Gaspari, Palmyra, Pa.

Jim: Do you know what happened to the plant in the math room?
Jan: No, what?
Jim: It grew square roots.—Douglas Hansen, McKenzie Bridge, Ore.

Joe: How are tomatoes involved in going back to school after you are sick?
Moe: I don't know.
Joe: You have to ketchup on your work.—Stephen Curtis, Richardson, Tex.

Daffynishion: Rabbit farm—A hare raising experience.—Richard Simmons, Friendship, Maine.

Joe: What is the gentlest kind of spur?
Steve: I don't know, what?
Joe: A whisper.—Gregory Wenk, Vandenberg AFB, Calif.

A lady wanted to take her husband to a royal ball. Just to be sure he knew how to address the high people of the court, she asked, "How do you address a Duke?"
"Your Lordship," was the reply.
"How do you address a Duchess?"
"Your Ladyship."
"How do you address an admiral?"
"Your battleship."—Steve Whiting, Arlington Heights, Ill.

Q: Why would a potato be good on a cowboy show?
A: Because it could keep its eyes peeled.—James Lingar, South Euclid, Ohio.

Bill: What is just plain horse sense?
Joe: I don't know. What?
Bill: Just stable thinking.—Marshall Wenger, Cleveland 29, Ohio.



Jim: What did the flower say to the bee?
Tim: I don't know?
Jim: Quit bugging me.—Scouter, Worthington, Ohio.

Scoutmaster: Why does a patrol leader's uniform look like a jail cell?
Tenderfoot: Because it has bars!—Dick Bodorff, Rockford, Ill.

Jim: What is the difference between a cat and a comma?
John: I don't know.
Jim: A cat has claws at the end of its paws and a comma has a pause at the end of its clause.—Edward Malek, Robstown, Tex.

Tim: How far can you go into a forest?
Jim: I don't know. How far?
Tim: Only halfway—after that you would be coming out.—Donald Peterson, Santa Ana, Calif.

Tom: If the Marines and the Navy were playing basketball and all the Marines fouled out, who would they put in?
Joe: I don't know. Who?
Tom: The submarines.—Tom Pigoti, LaSalle, Ill.

Daffynishion: Foreground—A golf course.—Thomas Bost, Westlake, Ohio.

A small boy had fallen into a creek. A young woman got him out and asked him, "How did you come to fall in?"
"I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish," answered the boy.—Roger Strawman, Garrettsville, Ohio.

Q: What is that which is the beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, the beginning of every end and the end of every race?
A: The letter "E".—Rick Thom, Olney, Ill.

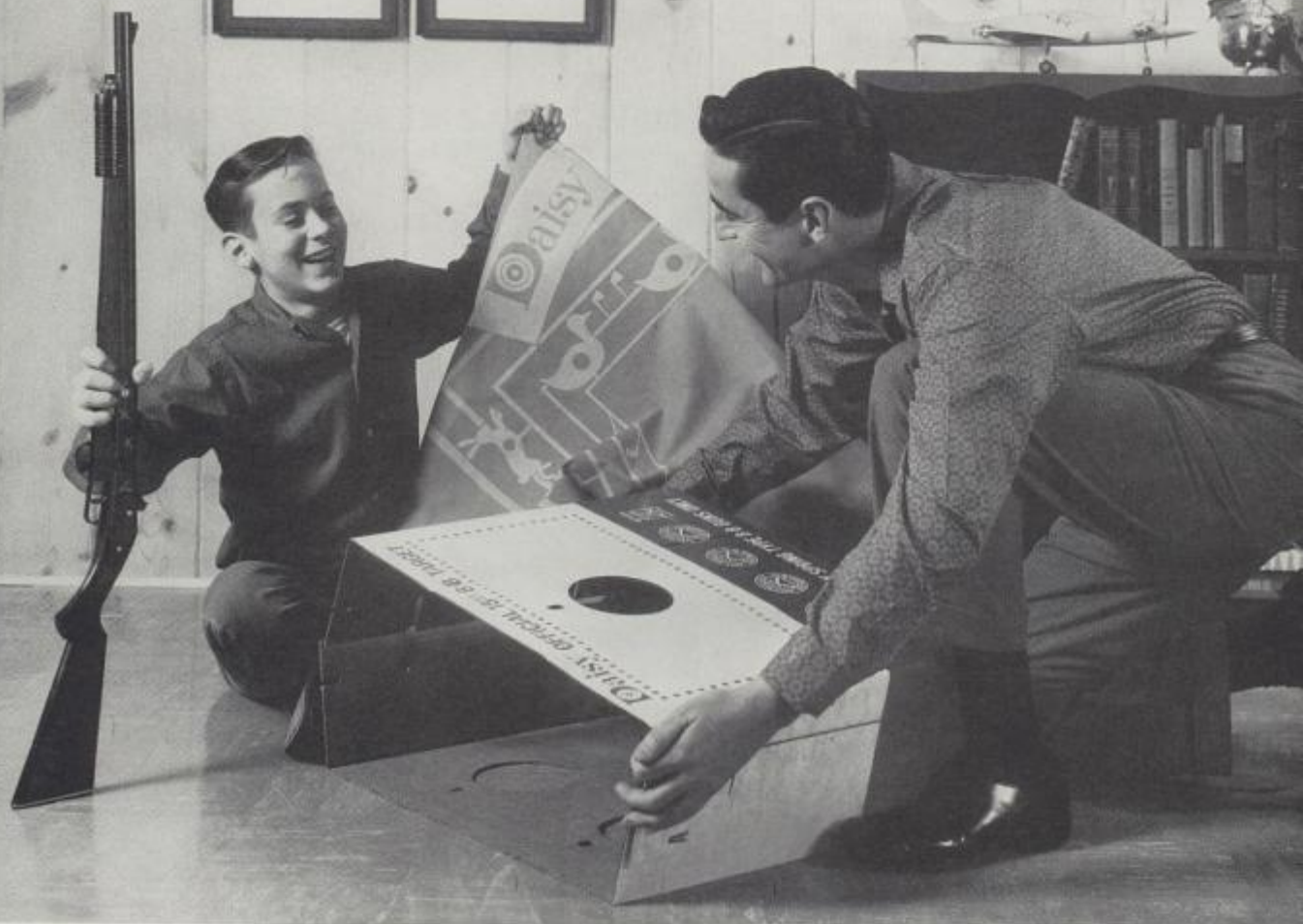
Daffynishion: Muggy day—A time when everything that's supposed to stick together comes apart, and everything that's supposed to come apart sticks together.—Jonathan Kahn, Harrison, N.Y.

MILLICENT



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